PRESIDENTIAL CHILDREN
NOEMIE EMERY

the weekly Standard

JUNE 16, 2003 $3.95

You've Got SPAM

By CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

114 messages

Subject

Real men get huge results! rq

Re: millions of couples have discovered j

Lose Weight Now with Phentermine, Adip

vtxk

Fwd: Order Drugs Now! gdg

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A ... l_e W_o_r_k

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1/2 Off V1agra! [lvbvrzpvfpivknt

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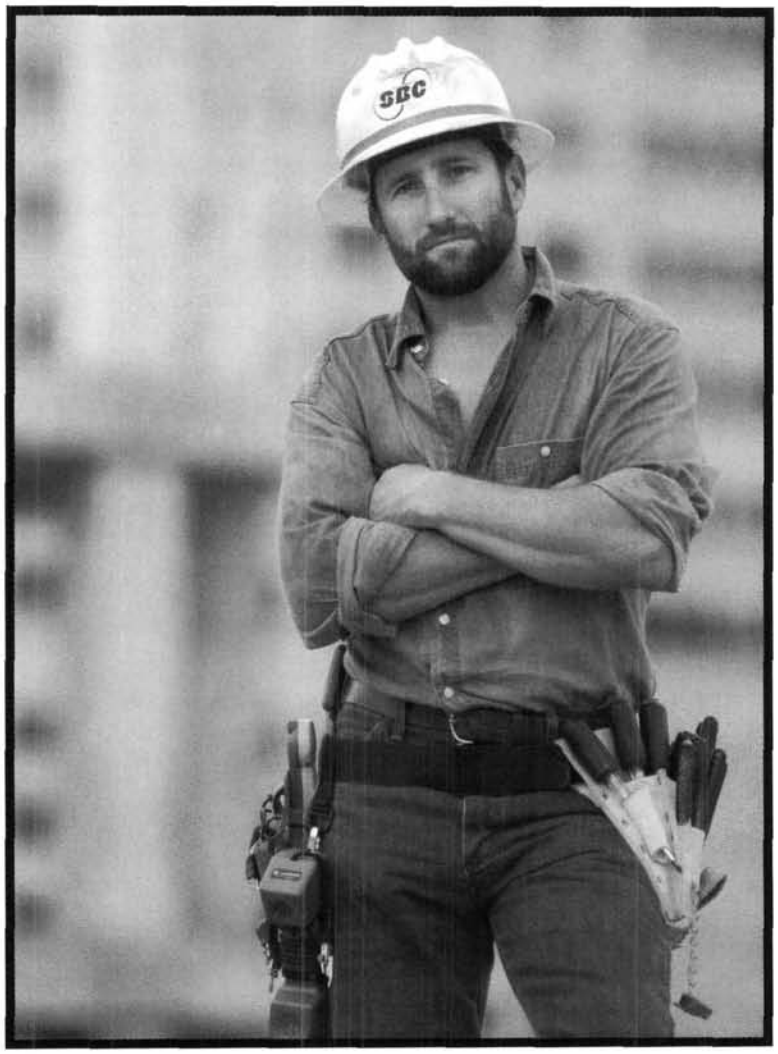

You don't have to be some bow-tied economic theorist to know that building local phone and data networks will save existing jobs and create new ones.

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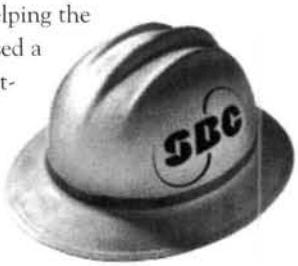

Regulatory reforms could level the playing field and help us do our part to put the economy back on track.

SBC local phone companies. Real networks, real jobs, real service.

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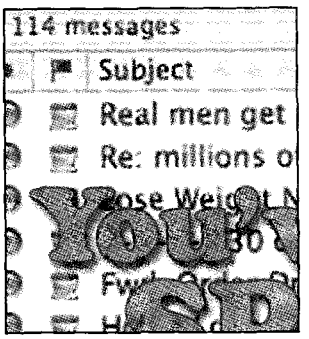

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Bear on Blair

Last week, *l'Affaire Blair* at the *New York Times* finally ended with the resignations of executive editor Howell Raines and managing editor Gerald Boyd. According to Jacques Steinberg's account in the *Times*, "In front of dozens of reporters, editors, photographers and other newsroom staff members, many of whom sobbed audibly," Raines said, "Remember, when a great story breaks out, go like hell."

Steinberg points out the remark "could have been spoken by one of the role models Mr. Raines often cited to his staff, the legendary Alabama football coach Bear Bryant"—as in Paul "Bear" Bryant, who led his Crimson Tide to 323 victories, including six national championships. THE SCRAPBOOK found this sidenote irresistible and, thanks to *CoachLikeaPro.com*, offers here a few apropos sayings by one of college football's winningest coaches:

* "It's awfully easy to mouth off at your staff or chew out players, but if it's bad, and you're the head coach, you're responsible. If we have an intercepted pass, I threw it. I'm the head coach. If we get a punt blocked, I caused it. A bad practice, a bad game, it's up to the head coach to assume his responsibility." It only took five weeks for Coach Raines to realize this applied to him too. Perhaps he should have shared this insight with publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr., who when reporter Jayson Blair's many frauds and deceptions were revealed, said, "Let's not begin to demonize our executives."

* "The biggest mistake coaches make is taking borderline cases and trying to save them. I'm not talking about grades now, I'm talking about character." A useful reminder for those like Raines who let diversity trump other institutional standards.

* "A good, quick, small team can beat a big, slow team any time." As many have pointed out, pre-Internet, Raines would have survived the Blair scandal. But the combination of online critics and online venting by unhappy *Times* troops proved fatal.

* "I'm no innovator. If anything I'm a stealer or borrower. I've stolen or borrowed from more people than you can shake a stick at." THE SCRAPBOOK especially endorses this insight of Bear Bryant's. Indeed, *Slate*'s Jack Shafer went to *CoachLikeaPro.com* for many of these same quotes three weeks ago. We think they read even better now. ♦

Smoke 'em If You Got 'em

Last week, when Surgeon General Richard Carmona testified before a House Energy and Commerce subcommittee that he would support the abolition of all tobacco products, a question formed on the lips of befuddled Americans everywhere: "We have a new surgeon general?"

The vast majority of citizens don't pay much attention to the funny little man or woman who spends most of his time in office looking dapper in the Captain Crunch uniform, and THE SCRAPBOOK doesn't blame them. For on the rare occasions we do pay attention, the surgeon general typically is manufacturing head-scratching health crises, such as when David Satcher decried our nation's "conspiracy of silence when it comes to sexuality." Or being a master of the obvious, as when Joycelyn Elders preached that onanism feels good.

So it is perhaps small surprise that even though his was the most ambitiously restrictive assertion by a public health official in the last 30 years, it still got bottom-of-the-front-page play in the *Washington Post*, right below "Girls Teach Teen Cyber Gab to FBI Agents."

But Carmona's desire to forcibly take our cigs away is troubling, if not downright menacing. How would he feel if THE SCRAPBOOK advocated the seizure of all fruity ceremonial outfits? When asked if he'd support the "abolition of all tobacco products," Carmona responded, "I would at this point, yes." He conceded that legislation is not his field, adding that "If Congress chose to go that way, that would be up to them. But I see no need for any tobacco products in society." Funny, a lot of people feel the same way about surgeon generals. ♦

What Wolfowitz Really Said (cont.)

The attempt to discredit Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz (and by extension the Bush administration's decision to remove Saddam Hussein's regime) continues apace. Our editorial last week noted how *Vanity Fair* rearranged quotes from a Wolfowitz interview to imply that the administration's primary justification for war—Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction program—was dishonest propaganda. The "Ah-*ha!!!*" among the antiwar crowd here and abroad was loud and relentless—until the Pentagon posted on its website a transcript of the entire interview, making clear what Wolfowitz actually said (there were several compelling reasons for the war, of which WMD was the least contentious).

During Wolfowitz's trip to Asia last

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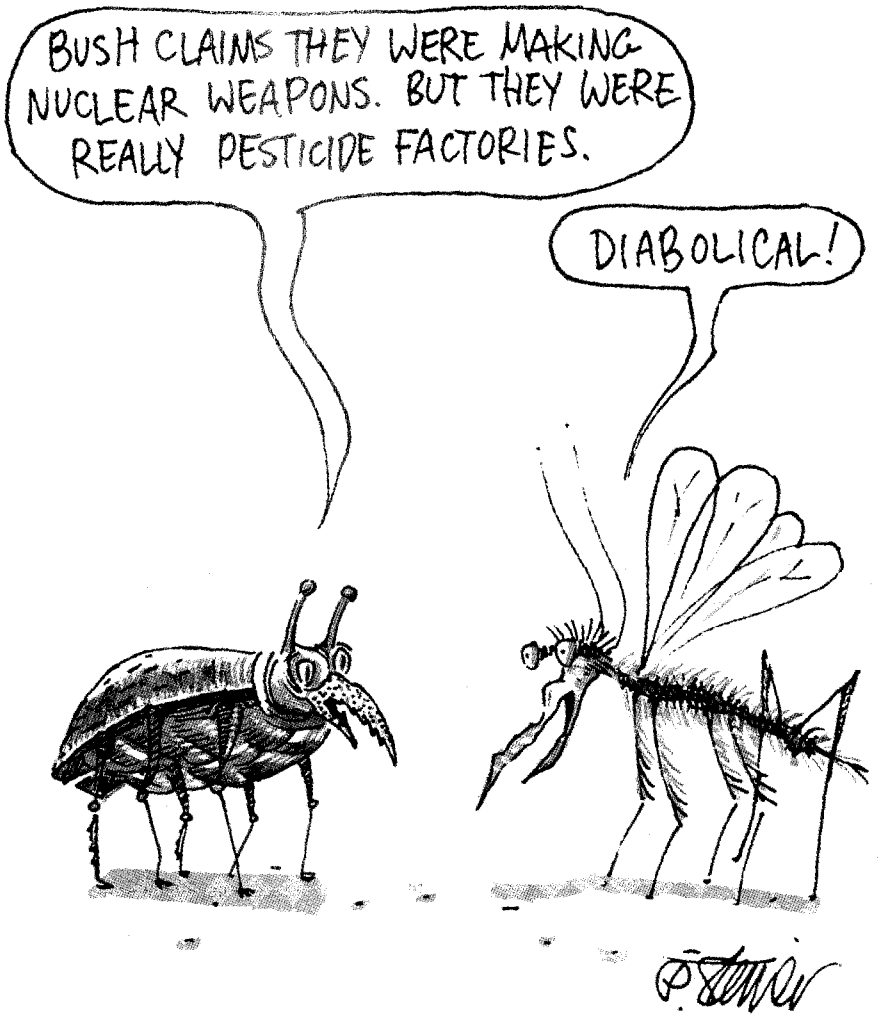

week, there seemed to be a worldwide contest to top *Vanity Fair*. In Singapore, he responded to a question about why the United States was treating North Korea and Iraq differently. The website of the London *Guardian* proceeded to run the following account:

"Oil was the main reason for military action against Iraq, a leading White House hawk has claimed, confirming the worst fears of those opposed to the U.S.-led war. . . . Asked why a nuclear power such as North Korea was being treated differently from Iraq, where hardly any weapons of mass destruction had been found, the deputy defence minister said: 'Let's look at it simply. The most important difference between North Korea and Iraq is that economically, we just had no choice in Iraq. The country swims on a sea of oil.'"

The *Guardian*, it turned out, had used a badly retranslated version of the quote from the German newspapers *Der Tagesspiegel* and *Die Welt*. Here's what Wolfowitz actually said, from the Pentagon's increasingly indispensable website:

"Look, the primary difference—to put it a little too simply—between North Korea and Iraq is that we had virtually no economic options with Iraq, because the country floats on a sea of oil. In the case of North Korea, the country is teetering on the edge of economic collapse and that I believe is a major point of leverage, whereas the military picture with North Korea is very different from that with Iraq. The problems in both cases have some similarities but the solutions have got to be tailored to the circumstances, which are very different."

To make matters worse, the *Guardian* had previously published the *correct* quote when it ran an AP story reporting on the same event, under the headline "U.S. To Put Economic Pressure on N. Korea"! After getting slapped around silly by webloggers and others, the *Guardian* to its credit ran a correction on June 5 and pulled the "sea of oil" story from its website.

In their rush to convict the Bush administration of conducting the Iraq war under false pretenses, it seems some overheated journalists are wallowing in quite a sea of duplicity themselves. ♦

End of the Catfight

Miller Beer's catfight ads—in which scantily clad women wrestle in wet concrete about whether Miller Lite "Tastes great" or is "Less filling"—are coming to an end, the *New York Times* cheerfully reported last week. The spots are part of the "Storytellers" campaign for Miller Lite, in which friends swap yarns over a couple of beers. The wrestling babes are a fantasy of the beer-swilling men. Their female friends berate them for their sexist attitudes and (quite rightly) call the fantasy "unbelievable." So is there a trend towards decorum and good taste? Hardly. Seems sales are disappointing, as they were before the ads' debut early this year. To recap, if sex fails to sell, then Miller will stop selling with sex. ♦

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Casual

La Dolce Vita

I just spent two weeks traveling across Europe, visiting Italy, Germany, the Czech Republic, Belgium, France, and Portugal. I was on business, but (shhh! don't tell my boss) I had my share of pleasure, too. How could it be otherwise when you're in a continent-sized theme park?

I gazed at the marble David in Florence's Galleria dell'Accademia, climbed up to Prague Castle, and surveyed the battlefield at Waterloo. I walked through the narrow, winding streets of old Leipzig and the grand, wide boulevards of Paris. I experienced the wet, gray weather of Brussels and the brilliant, blinding sunshine of Lisbon. I watched the Elbe River from Hradec Kralove in the Czech Republic, and the English Channel from Nieuport, Belgium.

Sure, there were a few bumps along the way. At the German border we were turned back by policemen who said we couldn't take our rented Mercedes into Eastern Europe; we had to drive for an hour and a half down a single-lane road to Dresden, fetch a cheaper Ford, and go back. And in the Czech Republic, we were pulled over twice by cops who wanted to collect fines on the spot—in cash, please—for dubious traffic offenses.

It wasn't all glamour by any stretch. There were *grandes dames* in Florence, but also garish prostitutes in the Czech Republic, lining the road to the German border; handsome and haughty Parisians as well as legless and armless beggars in Lisbon.

But for every minor unpleasantness there was a major compensation, usually in the form of food and drink. I can't recall how many gourmet meals I ate (only my bathroom scale knows for sure) and how many vintage wines I quaffed (things became hazy after a few glasses). I don't think I consumed a single bad meal on the entire trip, though pork and dumplings in a provincial Czech town came close. The best meal by a long shot was a three-hour lunch in the Versailles-like splendor of the Quai d'Orsay, the French foreign ministry.

The lunch itself was off the record, so I hope I don't cause an international incident by divulging the menu: *Millefeuille d'omelette de Provence; Pigeon de Vendée aux épices; Petits légumes étuvés; Salade de mesclun aux pignons; Fromages; Sablé au fromage blanc et Mara des Bois; Sorbet au pomelos et menthe fraîche.* And to wash it down, a Beaune Grève Vigne de l'enfant Jésus 1996. If you're wondering what that means in English, the answer is: yummy.

Like the lunch, the trip as a whole left a very good taste in my mouth, literally and figuratively. There was only one drawback to the experience: the politics. Europe is a superb place to visit if you experience it at the level of a tourist whose only interactions are with taxi drivers, hotel clerks, and waiters, all of whom speak passable English and are very happy to relieve you of your euros.

The problems come when you talk politics with Europe's leadership class. That's when you hear the familiar complaints about American unilateralism, cowboyism, and lawlessness. About how Americans are threatening the fabric of international law, encouraging aggression, and generally messing up the world. (Like it was so great before we came along.) Whenever the subject of Iraq comes up, which is often, all Europeans want to talk about are civilian casualties and looting. No mention of the U.S. armed forces' professionalism, success, and restraint—or of Saddam Hussein's war crimes. The "war crimes" that interest them are Ariel Sharon's.

The effect was like going to a romantic restaurant with a beautiful woman—only to have her spend the entire evening ranting about the evils of a patriarchal society. And since European politics is several feet—excuse me, meters—to the left of America's, she was no garden variety liberal. More like an Andrea Dworkin or a Noam Chomsky, albeit with impeccable manners. I wished for a mute button so I could enjoy my dessert in peace. (No doubt some of my interlocuters felt the same way about this Ugly American.)

But Europe's hoteliers and restaurateurs have nothing to worry about. The best efforts of their diplomats, journalists, and academics could not possibly drive me away—or keep me from returning soon. Did I mention the handcrafted chocolates I found at a little shop in Brussels's Grand Sablon square? They're sweet enough to compensate for a lot of sour rhetoric.

Max Boot

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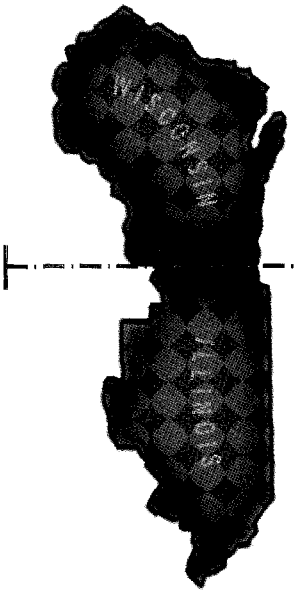

WHY DOES CROSSING THIS LINE COST YOUR DOCTOR $82,300?

AN OBSTETRICIAN IN ILLINOIS PAYS $110,100 A YEAR FOR MALPRACTICE INSURANCE. NEXT DOOR IN WISCONSIN, THE SAME DOCTOR WOULD PAY $27,800. Why?

There's no good answer, except that the U.S. medical malpractice system is badly broken, and it's threatening the accessibility, affordability and quality of healthcare for millions.

Three-quarters of physicians responding to a Harris survey in February said malpractice insurance concerns cause them to order unnecessary tests and make redundant referrals. Rising rates cause some physicians to refuse high-risk procedures, move their practices to more malpractice-friendly jurisdictions or retire from medicine entirely.

Fortunately, there are steps we can take now to fix this problem before it gets worse. With the leadership of President Bush, Congress has introduced new legislation based on a California law with a quarter-century track record of controlling malpractice costs. Blue Cross and Blue Shield companies, which cover nearly one in three Americans, believe that the legislation offers an excellent framework.

Like California and other states that have enacted medical liability reform, the federal legislation would limit "non-economic" damages to $250,000. An analysis by USA Today shows that states limiting such awards to $500,000 or less have average malpractice premiums 23 percent lower than states without limits. It is critically important that these protections be extended to all healthcare stakeholders.

In a coordinated approach, BCBSA has joined with more than 50 organizations – representing physicians, hospitals, employers, insurers and consumers – in the Health Coalition on Liability and Access. Together, we are urging Congress to pass common-sense federal medical liability reforms which protect patients' access to care.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT WWW.BCBS.COM

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KEEPING HEALTHCARE AFFORDABLE

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The Commander

General Tommy Franks and Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld both emerge from Fred Barnes's "The Commander" (June 2) as real leaders, and Franks is plainly an ultra-competent warrior.

The ultimate credit for the combat success we achieved belongs, however, to Dubya. Both Rumsfeld and Franks are strong-willed, forceful men, and either could have stymied the other if their wills had been permitted to come into confrontation. Bush's character, strength, and savvy kept that from happening.

In the long haul, both Rumsfeld and Franks have contributed powerfully toward the integration of multi-force command and control that is crucial to the success of modern warfare. Nothing less than the kind of power they exerted within the Pentagon could have overcome the fierce, nearly subversive, resistance to jointness exercised by wussy generals and admirals who got their stars as turf-conscious politicians, not as warriors. But even Franks and Rumsfeld couldn't have won the internecine wars at Fort Fumble without Bush's strong support.

One can only hope that the liberal forces still abundantly present in Foggy Bottom do not persuade Bush to abandon the military victory we've won.

Will Connelly
Plantation, FL

Fred Barnes has produced the most detailed explanation of General Franks's brilliant military planning yet.

It's amazing General Franks was able to achieve overwhelming tactical surprise in spite of losing key strategic options. Although it wasn't mentioned, I have no doubt Franks was pleased at the media's shock and awe at "shock and awe."

As Barnes's article proves, shock and awe was not the big bang theory that the media made it out to be. It was a concept based on speed, mobility, power, precision, and multiple fronts. While all of the networks had cameras focused on the Baghdad skyline in anticipation of being "shocked and awed," the coalition was quickly maneuvering from the south, west, east, and to some degree the north. By land, through the air, and over the sea. The bulk of Saddam's loyal forces (Republican Guard, Special Republican Guard, and Special Police) was surprised, overwhelmed, and disoriented. In summary, they never got a chance to organize and fully use all the various weapons and munitions at their disposal.

Now the big question becomes, can the U.S. military ever duplicate this feat in the future if it should become necessary? I believe it can, especially if it continues to improve its intelligence and information-gathering abilities, increases special operational forces, and further refines psychological warfare techniques.

Cory Espinosa
Springfield, MA

Fred Barnes rightly gives Army general Franks great credit for the decisive victory in the Iraq war.

But Barnes's article risks enshrining a myth that will come back to haunt us if left uncorrected. Barnes states that the invasion of Iraq kicked off with three divisions—the 3rd Infantry Division (Mechanized), the 1st Marine Expeditionary Force, and the British division. This is misleading.

This overlooks that the 3rd ID had four brigades under command (rather than the usual three), that a brigade combat team of the 82nd Airborne Division was there, and that the 101st Airborne was right behind, still unloading. This ignores the fact that the 1st MEF was not just the 1st Marine Division. The Marine Corps committed 80 percent of its infantry battalions and all of its tank and light armored vehicle battalions. First MEF was more than two divisions and maybe almost three divisions strong (depending on whether the percentages refer to active Marines or active and reserve Marines). Even the British division was a good-sized force. Indeed, prior to the war, *www.globalsecurity.org* listed 70 line battalions deployed to the Gulf. With a division normally having 10 line battalions, this is sort of like seven division-equivalents when you consider that airpower substituted for the artillery assets division and corps headquarters would normally provide ground units.

Sometimes I think General Franks managed a sleight of hand by promising only three divisions to lead the invasion to highlight transformation. He then jammed each one with enough troops to reach the numbers he needed, trusting the Air Force to provide firepower that Army artillery brigades in greater numbers would have provided.

Don't think we could go in with 30 battalions in three divisions and repeat our decisive victory. We did go in with overwhelming ground force.

Brian J. Dunn
Ann Arbor, MI

Fred Barnes's article on Tommy Franks is well written and informative, a joy to read.

It attributes the concept of "overwhelming force" to Colin Powell, which is typically done. In fact, it is commonplace to hear that "overwhelming force" is the core of the so-called "Powell doctrine."

However, in a recent interview, Powell corrected the interviewer when queried about this, by saying it is not overwhelming force, but rather "decisive force." Granted, we are talking about a subtle difference, but it may be important. In the interview, Powell was emphatic about it.

Note that one subtle difference between overwhelming and decisive is

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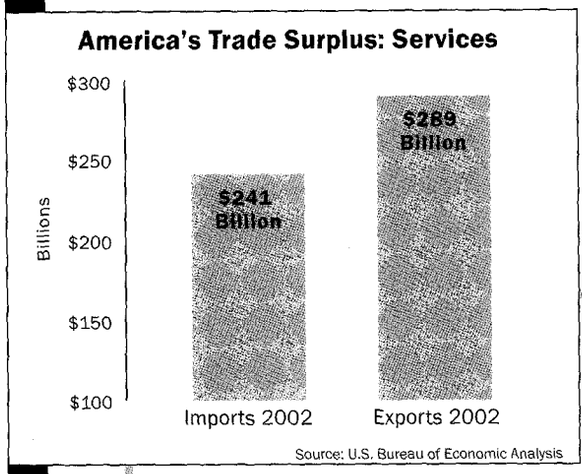

OPENING MINDS AND MARKETS

Amid all the economic uncertainty these days, one piece of good news is the nation's substantial trade surplus in services, including licenses of software and other intellectual property. American creativity and innovation, especially in technology, flow around the world in trade that supports millions of good jobs here at home. This year, Congress will have two important opportunities to strengthen America's global leadership in the knowledge economy.

Negotiators for the United States have reached comprehensive free trade agreements with Singapore and Chile. President Bush signed the Singapore trade pact last month, and as this essay goes to press, the treaty with Chile is set to be signed June 6. Congressional ratification of these two groundbreaking accords would bring significant benefits to the U.S. economy, especially the high-tech sector, as well as to two important trading partners.

Access to global markets is vital to the U.S. software and computer-services industries, which employ nearly 2.2 million workers. Many technology companies earn more than half their revenue overseas.

Equally vital is an international framework of intellectual-property laws to spur investment and innovation and help counter the global problem of copyright infringement and piracy. Piracy cost $11 billion in lost software revenue last year, and industry's efforts to curb it are often hindered by inconsistent national rules and enforcement.

The Singapore and Chile trade pacts build on previous multilateral treaties to harmonize and enhance international protection of intellectual property in all its forms. Consistent with the U.S. Digital Millennium Copyright Act, these accords clarify the protection of online content and prohibit circumvention of technologies that protect digital works.

The agreements also help preserve open markets for electronic commerce. They are the first treaties to recognize trade in "digital products," and to guarantee that their e-commerce will be duty-free.

U.S. trade agreements with Singapore and Chile will bring significant market opportunities to the technology industries of all three nations in the years ahead. Consumers and businesses will gain a wider choice of innovative products and services.

Two new trade agreements could help spread technologies and opportunities around the world

The accords will strengthen mutually beneficial ties between the United States and two of the most progressive, prosperous economies in their respective regions. Singapore, although tiny geographically, is America's 11th largest trading partner, one of the few countries with which we carry a trade surplus in both goods and services.

Congressional approval of these trade pacts should pave the way for future agreements with other Asia Pacific nations, and for a Free Trade Agreement of the Americas that would benefit the entire Western Hemisphere. For those who make their living from competing in the global economy — which, directly or indirectly, is almost everyone — that's good news indeed.

One in a series of essays on technology and society. More information is available at microsoft.com/issues.

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that overwhelming denotes a quantitative superiority, while decisive does not.

MIKE GRIFFIS
High Springs, FL

THE OLD PHRASE "From the sublime to the ridiculous" was exemplified to me by two articles in the June 2 issue. Fred Barnes's cover story about General Franks and his Iraq battle plan was one of the best things I've read in years. We all owe the general a huge debt of gratitude.

At the opposite end of the spectrum is the "art" described in deservedly negative terms by Thomas Disch in "Collecting the Uncollectable." The participants in and perpetrators of such nonsense exemplify another not-so-old phrase that is illustrated by the photograph of Marina Abramovic's tree-huggers. To me they look like a group that "couldn't find their asses with both hands."

BRUCE TENNANT
Hilton Head, SC

ORIGINALIST SIN

I AM SURPRISED that a good originalist like Terry Eastland would side with John Calhoun on Senate filibusters and rules changes rather than with James Madison and Alexander Hamilton ("Filibuster Again! And Again!" May 19). The Framers did not design the Senate filibuster. That is why there is absolutely no mention of it in *The Federalist Papers* or in the debates at the Philadelphia Convention where the Constitution was written. The Senate filibuster is a product of the evolving Constitution. It dates to the 1840s and the struggle over slavery, not to the founding. Calhoun had extreme ideas about minority rights—ideas that were not shared by the Framers, who believed in energetic government. Our dysfunctional, deadlocked Senate is the legacy of Calhoun and not of Hamilton or Madison. Modern-day conservatives should not embrace a dysfunctional Senate: They should reform it.

Eastland argues that it is good politics to let the Democrats hang themselves by filibustering our judges. Wouldn't it be even better politics to abolish the filibuster of judges and watch the Democrats follow through on their promise to "shut down" the government for the next 18 months? I bet the public would really disapprove of that! More seriously, why not reform the filibuster rules and pass some good legislation on school choice, tort reform, or Social Security privatization?

Now that Republicans control the House, the Senate, and the White House, it is time to govern. Letting the Democrats behave like clowns is not governing.

STEVEN G. CALABRESI
Professor of Law, Northwestern University
Chicago, IL

STRAUSSED OUT

I APPLAUD Peter Berkowitz's brilliant defense of the late political philosopher Leo Strauss ("What Hath Strauss Wrought?" June 2) against the charge that Strauss was an enemy of liberal democracy. Berkowitz sees these attacks on Strauss for what they are: attempts to discredit American neoconservative thought by poisoning the well from which many of its ideas sprang—the writings and teachings of Leo Strauss.

To list all the remarkable public intellectuals, professors, and public servants taught by Strauss and/or inspired by his writings would be impossible, but it is safe to say that all of Strauss's intellectual heirs—be it Paul Wolfowitz at the Pentagon, Harvey Mansfield at Harvard, or William Kristol at THE WEEKLY STANDARD—have an unswerving commitment to liberal democracy at home and abroad.

Strauss's life is a testament to the power of ideas. And unlike some other philosophers of the 20th century, Strauss produced ideas that are worth defending and celebrating, as this magazine does regularly.

CRAIG D. ROLLE
Newton, MA

MORTUARY AFFAIRS

THANK YOU for Matt Labash's excellent "The Hardest Job in the Army" (May 19). My father was in Graves Registration (what Mortuary Affairs used to be called) during World War II. He was in charge of returning personal effects—most of the bodies got buried in Europe, of course. He was an accountant, and apparently was chosen for the job because he was immaculate in his record-keeping. He told lots of funny stories about things that happened off duty when he was in the Army, but almost never about his work. This article helped me understand what it was like for him, and, I suspect, why, except when he was joking, he had a slightly sad look for the rest of his life.

HARRIET LYONS
Waterloo, Canada

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS POSSIBLE for me to be prouder of our military and the way we handled ourselves in Iraq. After reading Matt Labash's "The Hardest Job in the Army," I now realize I was wrong.

MIKE CARLINO
Fairport, NY

SID THE HUMAN FERRET

TO CALL SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL "Sid the Human Ferret" ("The Annals of Sid," June 2) is to perform a grave injustice to ferrets and arguably to humans as well.

KELLEY MURPHY
Brooklyn, NY

• • •

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the weekly Standard

Terrorism and Other "Scholarly Pursuits"

Meeting this week here in Washington, our nation's scholarly community, through the American Association of University Professors duly assembled, stands poised to commit an act of self-betrayal the depth of which is without obvious precedent in the history of American higher education.

It's not a sure thing, of course; "I simply don't see this as a slam dunk," the AAUP's associate general secretary Jordan Kurland has cautioned, without apparent irony. And so we hold out hope that clearer heads, or merely nervous stomachs, will prevail—that the association can somehow be induced to pull back from the brink of a truly ghastly error. Nevertheless, we note with considerable alarm, not least at the damage the AAUP has thus *already* done its stated principles, that over the past year and a half, Kurland & Co. have made an unbroken string of procedural and substantive decisions whose logic would seem to lead in one direction only.

To wit: The American Association of University Professors appears inclined to blacklist the University of South Florida (USF)—by a formal, annual-convention vote of indefinite "censure" this coming Saturday—as punishment for the steps that school has taken to terminate the employment of Prof. Sami Al-Arian. Whom we have met before, many times, in these pages. And whose decades-long "active extramural interest in Palestinian and Islamic developments," as AAUP investigators have blandly glossed the matter, has lately earned him solitary confinement at the Coleman Federal Correctional Complex in Sumter County, Florida, pending trial on a detailed, massive, multi-count terrorism-conspiracy indictment.

The AAUP's Committee A on Academic Freedom and Tenure, advising the group's full membership about the proper disposition of the Al-Arian case, allows as how the good professor's alleged crimes are a "manifestly very serious" business. But Committee A believes it a more serious business that the crimes in question "remain to be proven in a court of law," since "the principle of 'innocent until proven guilty' ought to be observed in our institutions of higher learning no less than it is in our courts." Setting an example for us all, then, the Committee formally embraces a wholecloth, wait-and-see presumption that Al-Arian's "extramural interest" has always been entirely innocent of criminal character and that it consequently falls "well within the ambit of academic freedom"—a sanctum that USF has violated by firing the man.

That the academic profession could have lurched so far toward such a blinkered and self-destructive conclusion is no doubt partly due to the fact that it has proceeded with a less than sure grasp of the underlying evidentiary record. Duke University law professor William Van Alstyne, past president and general counsel of the AAUP, and lately chair of its USF investigative committee, is a distinguished and deservedly admired fellow, but he has ill served his colleagues in the present instance. Van Alstyne, for example, has advised Committee A that as recently as October 2000, a U.S. Immigration Court judge determined there was "no evidence" to sustain suspicion that WISE, Al-Arian's now-defunct USF-affiliated think tank, was ever "a front for terrorists." There is more to say about that judge's ruling, as it happens: He had previously reached an exactly opposite determination, he was then forced to reverse himself by the interference of a federal district court, and his original decision now stands—the district court order and the immigration ruling Van Alstyne cites having since been vacated by the 11th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

Then there is the AAUP's manifest confusion about where, or even whether, there might exist some frontier boundary of "scholarly inquiry"—short of judicially identified lawlessness—beyond which an American professor may not roam without forfeiting the protections of academic freedom and the recognition of his peers. Late last year, a few short weeks before he delivered his draft report to Committee A, Van Alstyne told *Duke* magazine that it was a "puzzle" why USF had felt a need to level its own, independent charges against Sami Al-Arian "when the federal government has made none." Things would be very different, and the university would be on much stronger ground, were such a federal indictment ever

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actually released, Van Alstyne explained. Formal criminal accusations "might very well . . . require" that Al-Arian be dismissed from his teaching position.

On February 20, eight days after Committee A approved Van Alstyne's USF report for distribution to all concerned parties, the situation that might very well require revocation of Sami Al-Arian's tenure privileges did indeed arise, needless to say, with a predawn FBI arrest at the professor's home. Whereupon Committee A, without explanation, quietly but significantly moved the academic profession's ethical-standards goalpost. At least at AAUP headquarters, the new view appears to be that Al-Arian's "extramural interest in Palestinian and Islamic developments" must be considered proper, and his place in the community of scholars therefore held secure, until and unless a government-organized jury of nonacademic laymen decides otherwise and sends him to prison.

Unfortunately, the new view at AAUP headquarters, wittingly or not, represents a direct and total subversion of precisely those ideals the organization was founded to advance.

That purging such a man might serve, rather than undermine, academic freedom would once have been an uncontroversial notion.

The Magna Carta of American academic freedom, AAUP's December 1915 "Declaration of Principles," jointly signed by the association's first president, John Dewey, and the members of its original Committee A, announced that strictly independent authority to regulate faculty membership was fundamental to the very "function of the academic institution." A "claim to freedom in teaching is made in the interest of integrity and of the progress of scientific inquiry," so it is "only those who carry on their work in the temper of the scientific inquirer" who may either "justly assert this claim"—or deny it. It would be "unsuitable to the dignity of a great profession" and "deeply injurious to the internal order and the public standing of universities" if "responsibility for the maintenance of [the academy's] professional standards should not be in the hands of its own members." The nation's scholarly community must take unilateral initiative to "purge its ranks of the incompetent and the unworthy." That work must never be subcontracted off-campus—to an impaneled federal trial jury or anyone else.

That Sami Al-Arian might be the kind of unworthy man properly subject to a purge by his own university—and that such a purge might serve, rather than undermine, the interests of academic freedom in the United States—would once have been an utterly uncontroversial notion. Certain forms of "moral turpitude," as the AAUP argued in a major 1940 statement still today incorporated by reference into the employment contract of virtually every American college professor, inevitably "evoke condemnation by the academic community generally" and demand unconditional discharge from a faculty position. In 1953, the Association of American Universities warned against one such transgression "above all" others: The honorable professor "owes his colleagues in the university complete candor and perfect integrity, precluding any kind of clandestine or conspiratorial activities." Any professor's failure of candor about such activities "lays upon his university an obligation to reexamine his qualifications for membership in its society."

A word here about AAUP's asserted "presumption of innocence" with respect to Al-Arian: It is purely ritualistic, a pretense. Everyone involved in the case, Van Alstyne and all the others, must by now have carefully inspected the 121-page federal grand jury indictment lodged against Al-Arian, and—being rational, intelligent people—each of them can have arrived at but a single judgment about the *thousands* of electronically intercepted telephone conversations and fax messages the indictment promises the government will introduce into evidence at trial. Where his personal liberty or imprisonment is concerned, the first part of this judgment, that Sami Al-Arian is for all intents and purposes a serial murderer, ultimately remains—the AAUP is right—for the courts to confirm. But the second part—that Al-Arian's murderous conspiracy, throughout the 17-plus years he taught at the University of South Florida, involved an assault on American higher education more than severe enough to justify banishment from academic life—ought to be instantaneous, we think. What's the wait?

Sami Al-Arian and the Palestinian Islamic Jihad, his indictment reminds us, "utilized the University of South Florida . . . as an institution where some of their members could receive cover as teachers or students." Al-Arian used the USF faculty credit union to launder and transfer thousands of dollars ultimately intended for the benefit of Islamic Jihad suicide bombers. From USF-sponsored property, Al-Arian helped broadcast public boasts about the 1995 killing of an American college student then visiting Israel. Under USF auspices, in short, Sami Al-Arian acted secretly, for years on end, in the interests of a foreign entity claiming possession of a truth so vast and complete as to justify the wholesale murder of innocents. The man has a totalitarian mind and a willingness to act on it.

Which is the type of thing, we would have thought, from which America's professoriate should recoil in fear and horror. And not the type of thing they would stoop to clothe in the finery of academic freedom.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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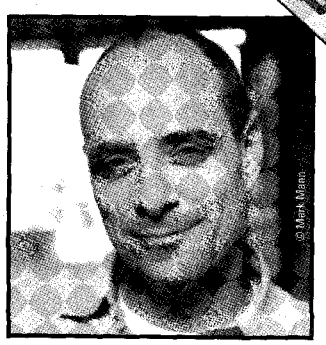
ERIC SCHLOSSER author of *Fast Food Nation*



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Liberty and Justice for Almost All

The truth about our treatment of 9/11 detainees.

BY THOMAS POWERS

CIVIL LIBERTARIANS are in danger of debasing their cause through the partisan abuse of constitutional principle. A case in point is reaction to and distortion of the report of Department of Justice inspector general Glenn A. Fine, "The September 11 Detainees." Released June 4, the report is about the treatment of 762 noncitizens arrested by the FBI on immigration violations in the months immediately following the al Qaeda attacks. This fascinating and illuminating document will be a key source for anyone interested in assessing the Bush administration's commitment to civil liberties. It is thus all the more troubling that it has already been interpreted—wrongly—to suggest a pervasive failure of the government to live up to its constitutional responsibilities.

While critical of specific aspects of government policy, the report, carefully read, supports no *general* condemnation of government policy. Instead, it shows an understaffed and overtaxed FBI that put preventing further terrorist attacks ahead of everything else. It also makes clear the undeniable and very serious abuse of some detainees (84 out of 762) by prison officials in one institution, the Metropolitan Detention Center (MDC) in Brooklyn, New York.

But civil libertarian critics of the government have claimed the report as their own. The Center for Constitutional Rights, the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, Human Rights Watch, the American Civil Liberties Union, and Democratic congressional leaders have all claimed vindication for their broad criticisms of the government. ACLU executive director Anthony Romero went so far as to say that the report proved "the war on terrorism quickly turned into a war on immigrants" and suggested that the report might support criminal prosecution of top government officials.

Glenn Fine's report is good enough that it may, in the long run, be used to reject such false and irresponsible charges. For one thing, it is, at 198 pages, exhaustive and meticulously researched. But where the report ultimately fails is in a lack of moral courage. The inspector general took the easy way out. While insisting that the FBI *should* have given higher priority to the clearing of detainees, he made no effort to show whether it *could* have, given the massive demands placed on the agency in the months following the attacks. More narrowly (but just as important in the short run), the inspector general's office is to be faulted for the broad condemnatory "spin" present in its own six-page press release. It is not surprising that an overly simple and critical morality tale has already become the prevailing interpretation of the (largely unread) document.

Immediately after the 9/11 attacks, the FBI received tens of thousands of leads to be investigated. In the course of sifting through this avalanche of information, FBI agents came into contact with 762 individuals who had violated immigration laws. These people were arrested and turned over to the INS. The legality of their detention has never been called into question; the vast majority of them were eventually deported.

A key decision was made to "hold until cleared" all of the immigration violators arrested in connection with the 9/11 investigation. The FBI clearing process took longer than expected, and consequently many of the detainees (at least 565 of them—197 were released on bond) were held longer than usual. On average, it took the FBI 80 days to "clear" a detainee.

The treatment of those detained varied enormously, depending on where they were held. Almost two thirds were held in or near New York—400 at the Passaic County Jail in Paterson, New Jersey, and 84 at the MDC in Brooklyn. While detainees at the Passaic County facility were well treated, those at the Brooklyn MDC were not.

By characterizing the government's performance as a whole with reference to the failings at the Brooklyn MDC, the civil libertarian critique of the government is in danger of exposing itself for a kind of reverse-McCarthyite fear-mongering. The standard line of these breathless critics—that "the government" held 762 detainees for "months" who did not know the charges against them, did not have access to lawyers, and suffered abuses at the hands of prison officials—is a gross distortion of the truth.

Although the treatment of detainees at the Brooklyn MDC is the most immediately disturbing portion of the report (and the source of any civil liberties violations), the question of the FBI's delay in clearing detainees is at least as important. An unnecessary delay, in jail, of 80 days (and in a few instances as long as 6 months) is a considerable disruption of a person's life. The question is whether, first, the "hold until cleared" policy was justified, and, if so, whether the FBI could have been expected to clear these detainees faster.

The "hold until cleared" policy was a natural consequence of the government's broader security concerns in the months following the 9/11

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attacks. David Laufman, chief of staff to the deputy attorney general, states the issue with useful simplicity: "If we turn one person loose we shouldn't have, there could be catastrophic consequences." In the wake of September 11, the attorney general had publicly stated that law enforcement would be reoriented to put the prevention of terrorist activity above all other concerns.

Given this broad background of (seemingly uncontroversial) governmental purposes, something like a "hold until cleared" policy is unobjectionable. Indeed, the inspector general's report never directly calls this formative decision into question and on several occasions explicitly agrees with the attorney general's "understandable abundance of caution." But this is a crucial dividing line. If the broad policy of better-safe-than-sorry was sensible, then so was the "hold until cleared" policy. And if this was sensible, then at least some additional delay in the release of detainees was unavoidable.

Unless—unless the FBI *could* have implemented the "hold until cleared" policy much faster, clearing detainees in, say, a couple of weeks instead of 80 days. But a signal failing of the inspector general's report is its judgment that the FBI *should* have moved faster without any effort to address the question of whether it *could* have.

There is indeed in the report itself an abundance of evidence to suggest that the 80-day delay, while undoubtedly a cause of difficulty for the individuals suffering through it, was the result of an extraordinary set of circumstances that no police organization could have faced without letting slip some if not many of the balls it was forced to juggle. The FBI, having to reorient its entire mission and reassign agents to new and unfamiliar tasks, had to devise new policies (like "hold until cleared") on the fly. Following up on hundreds of thousands of 9/11 leads (96,000 came in the first week alone), the FBI struggled with widely reported manpower shortages. The clearance process, complex and time-consuming, was not something

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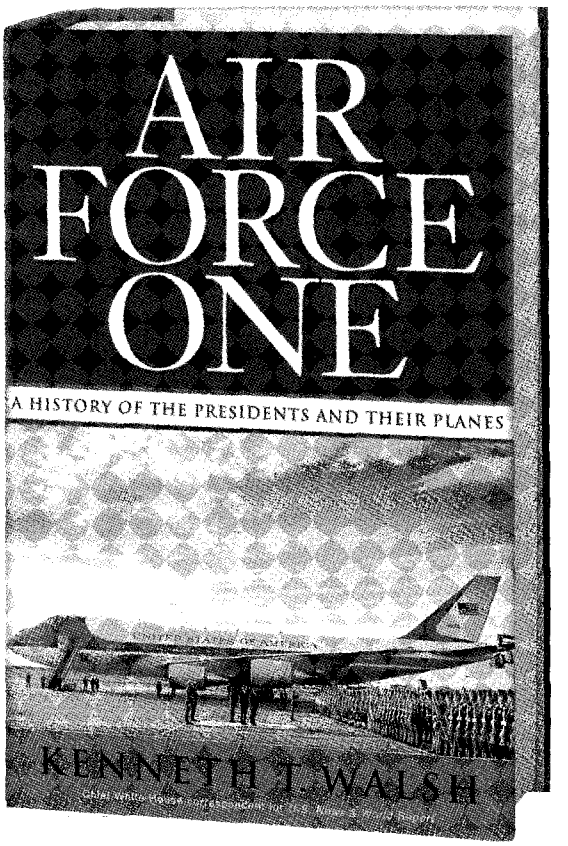

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that could be turned over to other law enforcement agencies. Moreover, soon the 9/11 investigation was compounded by related challenges: the anthrax scare, an airliner crash in Queens, the kidnapping of Daniel Pearl, security preparations for the Winter 2002 Olympics in Salt Lake City. In this context, it is crucial to note that 86 percent of the 762 detainees were arrested in the first three months after 9/11.

Was the 80-day delay avoidable? Strictly speaking the answer is of course yes. If the FBI had assigned more agents to clearing detainees they would have been cleared faster. But the inspector general's report has not done the kind of full analysis needed to justify the broad criticisms it makes of the FBI's performance. For example, it makes no attempt to analyze authoritatively the FBI manpower situation.

The inspector general's report does a better job of treating the two prison facilities, though here too critics have distorted its results. The crucial point is that the vast majority of detainees were well treated. As to the Brooklyn facility, policy decisions that isolated and restricted the 9/11 detainees beyond what was justified might to some extent be mitigated by the Brooklyn MDC's inexperience in handling INS detainees. But other abuses suggest that even these general policy decisions were the product of something worse than mere bureaucratic inexperience and ineptitude. For months, the lights in detainees' cells were kept on 24 hours a day. Required to inform detainees of their right to an attorney, prison guards would instead ask only, "Are you okay?" There is no reason to doubt the inspector general's conclusion that there was a "pattern" of verbal and physical abuse of detainees at the Brooklyn MDC facility.

But the treatment of these 84 is not indicative of the treatment of the rest of the 762. At the Passaic facility, which held 400, even the detainees said they were well treated. Prison officials there provided detainees with lists of pro bono attorneys and showed a video detailing their rights. The American Friends Service Committee was permitted to make "Know Your Rights" presentations to the detainees over the course of several months. Telephones were freely available to detainees for contacting lawyers, family members, and friends and for arranging visits (which were permitted). When pro bono attorneys would not accept collect calls, officials let the detainees use prison phones free of charge.

Darren Gygi

This is hardly a picture of authoritarian indifference to civil liberties. The Brooklyn MDC facility was probably ill-suited to the task of holding immigration detainees and clearly failed to treat these individuals in a humane way, but responsibility for the abuses that took place there lies squarely on the shoulders of those responsible for running that institution. When seen in the context of conditions at the Passaic County Jail, the Brooklyn MDC appears an anomaly and not an indication of systemic failure.

One other important fact that emerges from the report is the lively debate within the government over detainees' civil liberties that took place during the months following the September 11 attacks. At an institutional level, the INS called on the FBI to clarify procedures and to address delays in clearing detainees; officials at the Department of Justice often had to craft some compromise between the differing legal and institutional mandates of these two agencies responsible for implementing government policy. The Office of the Inspector General was itself a player in this debate. Charged (under the USA Patriot Act no less) with responsibility for civil liberties violations, the Office of the Inspector General launched its investigation in March 2002. The office asked probing questions of every important official involved, and there is no indication in the report that those responsible ever tried to hinder or stonewall its investigation. The report does not describe an administration bent on abusing the civil liberties of noncitizens. It shows instead a necessarily messy but unflinching living-out of the tensions between liberty and security that any government would have faced under the circumstances.

But it is ultimately up to the administration to make the case for itself. If there is one civil libertarian criticism that has a ring of truth to it, it is that the government is overly secretive and defensive about its exercise of authority. This report is an excellent illustration of how the government needlessly feeds the paranoid conspiracy theorizing of its critics. The report reveals an eminently *defensible* record—not spotless, but certainly defensible.

In the debate between liberty and security the government needs to go beyond wrapping itself in the mantle of security. Such a posture (though probably popular with voters) has grave limitations. The ownership of the liberty card by the government's opponents (as suggested by their ownership, thus far, of this report) is the price the administration pays for not launching its own liberty offensive. ♦

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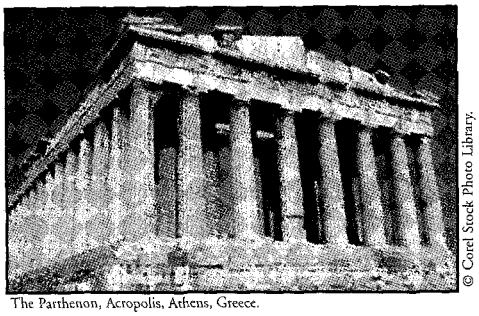

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I Want a New Drug

Why price controls will stop pharmaceutical progress. BY WILLIAM TUCKER

FACED WITH RISING Medicaid costs, the states have begun to trumpet the oldest illusion about government power—that price controls can make things abundant and "affordable," in this case prescription drugs.

On May 19 the U.S. Supreme Court gave the green light to a Maine program that includes thousands of uninsured citizens in a discount drug-buying program the state has forged for Medicaid patients. The decision rang the gong for other states to start similar efforts. Within a week, Ohio Republicans announced they would no longer oppose a similar discount program for the uninsured. New York, Minnesota, Texas, Michigan, and twenty-one other states have similar schemes afoot. There is even talk about forming regional cooperatives to impose what amounts to price controls on the entire drug industry.

These programs go far beyond normal bargaining. In Maine, for example, if drug companies refuse to negotiate with state officials over discounts for the uninsured, their products will be subjected to extra scrutiny for Medicaid reimbursement. The new law also gives state officials authority to set prices unilaterally—as they already do with Medicaid purchases. A private company that behaved like this would be prosecuted for antitrust.

As with any price controls, present consumption will be favored over future development. This will be a slow-motion disaster for American medicine. Pharmaceutical companies now invest 18 percent of their revenues in research and development, the highest of any economic sector. Nine of the top twenty research spenders are pharmaceutical companies. Americans as a result have enjoyed, and come to take for granted, a spectacular outpouring of new medicines for AIDS, cancer, Alzheimer's, congestive heart failure, cystic fibrosis, depression, and a host of other diseases. With fewer revenues to invest, that pipeline will eventually slow to a trickle.

Drug-price-control initiatives are based on the faulty perception that prescription drugs are the cause of medical inflation. "During the past two years, spending on health care has increased by more than $200 billion, a jump of nearly 17 percent, primarily because of the rising cost of prescription drugs," writes national financial columnist Lou Dobbs. This is nonsense. Prescription drugs were only 9 percent of health care costs (hospitals absorb 32 percent, doctors 22 percent) in 2000. Drug prices would have had to double each year to account for this $200 billion increase.

In fact, new drugs commonly *substitute* for more expensive treatments such as surgery and hospitalization. Treating stroke patients with new clot-busting drugs has saved $4,400 per patient by cutting hospitalization and rehabilitation costs, according to a study sponsored by the National Institutes of Health. Humana Hospitals found that while new drugs for congestive heart failure increased pharmacy costs 60 percent, they cut hospital costs 78 percent, saving $9,000 per patient. Not incidentally, the same drugs also cut mortality rates from 25 percent to 10 percent.

Prescription drugs *are* expensive—there is no doubt about that. Some ordinary antibiotics or antihistamines now run close to $100 per prescription. Almost everyone with private insurance has drug coverage, although some copayment is usually required. Medicaid provides access to the poor. As usual, the uninsured—generally people employed in small businesses—are a problem.

Certain to bring the crisis to a boil are proposals from Congress and the Bush administration to cover prescription drugs through Medicare. The drug industry—perhaps a bit foolishly—is supporting the initiative, figuring it will pay the bills. A more likely scenario is that Medicare itself—following the example of the states—will become a new instrument for imposing price controls. A better approach would be to look at what makes prescription drugs so expensive in the first place, and whether these development costs can be reduced.

An obvious target would be the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) approval process, which is rapidly becoming obsolete. Founded during the Progressive Era, the FDA kept close watch over the toxic dangers of new drugs until the thalidomide birth defects of the early 1960s—an episode that mainly affected Europe and was successfully prevented by the FDA in this country. Nonetheless, Congress took the occasion to expand the FDA's responsibilities to include testing for *efficacy* as well as toxicity.

Efficacy testing adds years and hundreds of millions of dollars to the approval process. Desperate patients wait indefinitely while FDA regulators chew their pencils and scratch their heads, looking for more convincing evidence. Meanwhile, with the spread of information on the Internet, clinical trials for efficacy are becoming more and more difficult to complete. Say you're dying of cancer. Would you be willing to participate in an FDA trial where there is a 50 percent chance you will be receiving a placebo? "An increasing number of trials are now falling apart as soon as

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there are perceived results," says Tom Miller, health policy analyst at the Cato Institute. "It's also getting harder and harder to recruit volunteers."

Rather than allowing an orderly progression of new products at reasonable prices, efficacy testing has turned the industry into a casino. For every 5,000 new compounds the industry screens, 250 are chosen for preclinical testing, according to Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America (PhRMA). Five of these will enter long-term clinical trials. Only one will be approved, says Joseph DiMasi of the Tufts Center for the Study of Drug Development. Thus, each marketed drug must earn back on average $1 billion in FDA testing costs. But only three of ten marketed drugs earn back even their own investment.

The syndrome has left even the most successful drug giants highly dependent on one or two blockbusters. Merck has Vioxx, a $3-billion-a-year painkiller; Pfizer has Viagra; Eli Lilly has Prozac. But few of their other products make money. As patents on these meal tickets approach expiration, investors get jittery. "Clinical trials have become so expensive, it's very difficult to be a mid-sized player," says Ben Bonifant, a life sciences specialist at Mercer Management Consulting, Inc.

Profits have become even more tenuous because of generic imitators, which have prospered since the 1984 Hatch-Waxman Act. Before 1984, generic drugs also had to undergo testing to meet FDA requirements, which effectively extended the original drug's patent far beyond the statutory 17 years. Hatch-Waxman struck an artful compromise, allowing generic imitators to use the patent holder's results for market approval. In exchange, the patent life on original drugs was extended up to five years. Since 1984, generics' share of the market has risen from 19 percent to 50 percent—which has done wonders for drug prices. But it also makes the major research giants even more dependent on highly successful new products.

Making testing even more complex is the emerging pattern that different drugs work differently for different groups of people. One recent drug, for example, proved to have a significant effect in treating AIDS in African Americans but not in whites. Should the drug be approved only for use by blacks? Should it not be approved because it won't help whites? The FDA hasn't yet decided.

Another major impediment to drug development is that the FDA requires efficacy testing for *each separate use*. Often a drug marketed for one disease turns out to be effective in treating another. Yet the FDA still requires another trip through the bureaucracy. Bayer, for example, is not allowed to market aspirin as a prevention for heart disease, even though studies have shown it cuts the risk of coronary by half.

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What the FDA does allow is for doctors to prescribe drugs for non-approved use on an informal basis. Yet this has produced a whole new round of drug scandals. Warner-Lambert is currently being sued by a "whistle-blower" who has accused the company of paying doctors to publicize Neurontin, an epilepsy drug, for a dozen other conditions, including pain, bipolar disorder, and restless-leg syndrome. Schering-Plough is facing criminal charges for marketing several of its drugs for unauthorized uses.

Rare "orphan" conditions such as restless-leg syndrome are underserved by pharmaceutical research, because the small market for a treatment cannot support the cost of FDA testing. Can Warner-Lambert be expected to spend millions of dollars to get Neurontin approved for each new condition? If a drug is already proved safe for one condition, why not allow its use in others?

One proposal has been to do away with the FDA's efficacy testing. Doctors and patients could figure out for themselves whether a drug works—once its long-term safety has been established. The problem is this might open doctors to liability, which is something they don't need right now. Another idea would be to allow private organizations to certify safety and efficacy, the way Underwriters Laboratory certifies electrical devices. This would at least break up the FDA's monopoly mentality and alert it that there are people out there waiting for it to act.

This much is certain. A national regime of price controls for prescription drugs will play havoc with medical progress. When the Clinton administration toyed with price controls in the days of Hillarycare, the annual increase in drug-research funding fell to single digits for the only time in the last two decades.

Should research funding decrease, critics of the pharmaceutical industry argue, the National Institutes of Health could carry the burden of new discoveries. Indeed, they argue that NIH is *already* subsidizing the drug industry by doing basic research. However, NIH funds only $20 billion of research a year in all fields, while the drug industry spends $30 billion on biomedicine alone. Also, NIH confines itself to basic research and does not approach FDA testing. With the cancer drug Taxol, for example, NIH spent $32 million over 30 years testing fewer than 500 patients. In 1991, Bristol-Myers Squibb licensed the compound and spent $1 billion shepherding it through FDA approval. Only then did Taxol become a major cancer treatment.

America is virtually encircled by countries already imposing drug price controls to support their nationalized health care systems. Europe and Canada have dried up their homegrown drug research by fixing prices.

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Continental Europe now produces less than one-third of the world's new drugs, even though the testing procedures there are less demanding. Prices are so out of line that American resellers have taken to purchasing American drugs abroad and importing them back into the United States for sale at discount rates.

That only makes it more important that the United States hold the line. Europe and Canada are essentially piggybacking on American medical research. Half the new drugs in the world are now developed in the United States. There is nowhere else to fall back on. If we start imposing price controls, the medicines we use today are the same ones we'll be using 20 years from now. ♦

The Rangoon Squad

Burma's junta "disappears" the country's leading democrat. BY RENA PEDERSON

IN THE TRADEMARK MANNER of thugocracies, Burma's military government, seeking to silence its critics, sent a mob to attack the motorcade of longtime democracy activist Aung San Suu Kyi on the night of Friday, May 30, as she traveled to a speaking engagement in the north of the country. The Nobel Peace Prize winner was assaulted and taken to an undisclosed location.

The government would say only that she had been placed in "protective custody" and that she had not been injured. But reports persisted that Suu Kyi had suffered a severe blow to the head and possibly a broken arm. Inside Burma, it was said that hundreds of her supporters had been murdered; international news agencies reported at least 70 killed and 50 injured. At least 18 people were believed detained.

"The problem with getting an accurate story about what happened is that everyone who could speak the truth in Burma is under arrest," said one democracy advocate in Washington. The government controls the only two newspapers and TV stations, and the leading journalist is in prison. One in four citizens reportedly spies for the government, so everyone is guarded about what is said in public.

Aung San Suu Kyi AFP

Nevertheless, clandestine sources inside Burma that have proved reliable in the past report that hundreds of armed men attacked the motorcade, some disguised as Buddhist monks. Some were convicts released at the government's behest. They beat Suu Kyi's supporters with bamboo clubs three feet long and riddled her car with bullets. The window was shattered, and either a rock or a brick was thrown at Suu Kyi's head while she was seated in the car. Several students reportedly tried to shield her with their bodies, but they were beaten severely, and she was dragged away bleeding. According to this account, she was taken to a military hospital for stitches and then transferred to Yemon military camp about 25 miles from Rangoon.

Plainly, Suu Kyi, who is 57 and weighs about 100 pounds, faces long odds—though not for the first time. Since 1988, she has been standing up to one of the most brutal regimes in the world. In the process, she has become the photogenic symbol of democracy in Asia. In 1990, her party, the National League for Democracy, won 80 percent of the vote in elections the junta mistakenly had thought they could control. Instead of seating the winners in parliament, the generals threw many NLD leaders in jail and placed Suu Kyi under house arrest, where she remained for most of the ensuing 13 years.

In this country, few people know her name, much less how to pronounce it (*awn sawn soo chee*). But her story has the sweep and drama of *Gone With The Wind*. Her father, General Aung San, was a leader of the democracy movement in Burma after World War II and was expected to become the first president after Great Britain relinquished control. He was assassinated when his daughter was only 2. His wife, a wartime nurse, went on to become ambassador to India.

Suu Kyi was educated at Oxford and married a fellow student, who became a professor of Tibetan studies. She lived quietly in England as a wife and mother of two boys until her own mother suffered a stroke in 1988, and she returned to Burma to care for her. In riots that year, soldiers shot and killed more student demonstrators than would die in

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1989 at Tiananmen Square. Suu Kyi was entreated to stay and help lead the democracy effort, which she did, at great personal sacrifice. She has seen her sons only sporadically since. And four years ago, as her husband was dying of cancer, the junta refused to grant him a visa to visit her.

The international response to her rearrest has been near unanimous condemnation. In the midst of peace negotiations in the Middle East, President Bush expressed his deep concern and called for the immediate release of Suu Kyi and her supporters, as did United Nations Secretary General Kofi Annan. The most tepid responses came from Burma's Southeast Asian neighbors, who have their own concerns about stability. They asked for an explanation of Suu Kyi's detention, but would not demand her release. Japan, the leading investor in Burma, said the situation was not "good" and dialogue was needed for a democratic solution.

It will be up to the United States to increase pressure on the Burmese generals, who apparently thought they could decapitate their opposition while the world was concentrating on the Middle East. The Bush administration must back up its words with actions. On Capitol Hill, Sen. Mitch McConnell, a Kentucky Republican, and Rep. Tom Lantos, a Democrat from California, moved to toughen existing sanctions on Thursday. They will need help. As the *Boston Globe* pointed out, President Bush could issue an executive order that would accomplish the same thing.

The world hardly needs another crisis at this moment, but the situation in Burma could be destabilizing. Burma has been seeking aid from China, its neighbor to the north, which wouldn't mind having Burma as a vassal state providing port access to the Indian Ocean. That prospect has alarmed India, its neighbor to the west. At the same time, Thailand, to the east, is overwhelmed by the thousands of refugees pouring across the border each day to escape the rapacious Burmese military.

Further complicating the picture, Burma is one of the world's largest producers of heroin and amphetamines. Drug dealers are often seen playing golf with high-ranking generals and hold high positions in major banks. And, oh yes, Burma has one of the fastest-growing AIDS rates in the world—and one of the worst health systems.

When I spoke with Aung San Suu Kyi in February, she expressed frustration that the junta had not opened a dialogue with her party after her release from house arrest in May 2002. "The government promised that it would begin discussions about the transition to democracy," she said. "They have not. They promised they would release all political prisoners. They have not." And they promised to allow the publication of independent newspapers. She asked with a wry smile, "You haven't seen one, have you?"

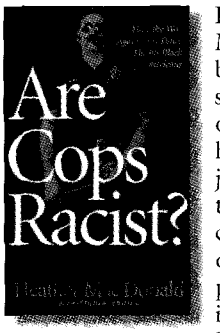
This spring she began speaking out more forcefully. When she ventured into the northern states two weeks ago, thousands of supporters risked their lives to greet the woman they call "the Lady." Government harassment then increased. On May 24, 10 NLD members were jailed. On May 29, the day before the ambush, clashes broke out between government supporters armed with machetes and NLD backers, leaving several dead.

Even if Aung San Suu Kyi eventually emerges unharmed, the movement for free elections has been set back by the violent turn of events. The main office of the National League for Democracy, in Rangoon, has been closed, padlocked, and placed under guard, and other party offices have been shuttered. Universities, too, have been shut to prevent student protests.

"The Lady" is in greater jeopardy than ever before. It remains to be seen what the long-repressed Burmese people and the much-distracted international community will do about it. ♦

HEATHER MAC DONALD

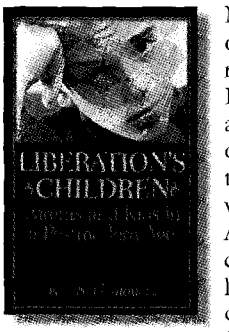
Are Cops Racist?



Heather Mac Donald brings her special brand of tough and honest journalism to the controversy over racial profiling and its damage to black Americans. "A startling work that sees right through that tired old paradigm of mean white cops vs. black victims."—SHELBY STEELE. "Powerful...the best investigative journalist in America."—JAMES Q. WILSON, *New York Sun*.

KAY S. HYMOWITZ

Liberation's Children



No system of child-rearing, Kay Hymowitz argues, can overcome the depleted visions of American culture that leave our children floundering in a spiritual and intellectual void. "An informed, intelligent, and very powerful critique of how we are bringing up our children and the questionable values we are inculcating in them from toddlerhood on into adulthood. Written with wit, with pointed examples, and with passion." —JUDITH WALLERSTEIN.

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You've Got SPAM

The inundation of unsolicited e-mail advertising, and what to do about it.

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

We are going to need a new way to think about spam, those importunate unsolicited e-mails advertising products, pandering to vices and insecurities, and bearing headers like GET LOLITA OUT OF DEBT BY ADDING THREE INCHES TO YOUR MORTGAGE! The problem is changing before our very eyes. Shortly after the turn of the year, I logged on to America Online's spam report and read that the company's new blocking software had for the first time diverted 1 billion unwanted e-mails in a single day. As this article went to press, I signed on again and found that AOL now routinely has days on which it blocks 2.3 billion pieces. When I wrote an article on spam in late April of this year, the freshest data showed that 70 percent of AOL's e-mail was spam. By the time David Streitfeld of the *Los Angeles Times* wrote a piece on the same subject a month later, the figure had risen to 80 percent. (It had been 50 percent in January.) Brightmail, which makes spam-blocking software, estimates that between January 2002 and March 2003, the percentage of e-mails that are spam nearly tripled, from 16 to 45 percent. Yahoo!, according to Streitfeld, has seen its spam level quintuple in the past year.

My mailbox at THE WEEKLY STANDARD, spam-free a year ago, is now more than 98 percent unsolicited mail, entailing a 15-minute discard operation at the beginning of every working day. No one writing me a letter to the address listed on our website should count on its reaching me. I've begun a gradual retreat from office e-mail, and will soon conduct my correspondence the way I did when THE STANDARD was founded in 1995—via telephone and the U.S. Postal Service. Many Americans have made a similar retreat, finding that the extraordinary efficiencies that e-mail brought in the first half-decade they used it have evaporated—and in some cases have turned into *in*efficiencies. According to Britain's *New Statesman*, 13 percent of e-mail users have changed their addresses since the start of the year, in order to escape spam.

As the size of the problem changes, so does its nature. Two years ago spam was a joke. A year ago it was an annoyance. And a few weeks ago, Earthlink executive David Baker told a reporter that spam "has the potential to render the Net virtually unusable."

Spam is increasing because it is an easy way for dumb people—and a safe way for dishonest people—to make money. Once you have a reliable mailing list (and it is possible to buy target lists for as little as $500 per million names), then you can operate a permanent spamming operation at marginal cost approaching zero. This, in turn, means that response rates approaching zero can still turn a profit. A figure commonly bandied about is that only 1 in every 100,000 targets need respond to allow a spammer to make money. One occasionally reads of spammers getting rich off a 1-per-200,000 rate. When a spammer sends out a billion unwanted e-mails a day, as Alan Ralsky of Michigan and Boca Raton does, according to *Computerworld* magazine, he can get very rich indeed.

The addresses are practically all the spammer pays for. All the other costs are externalized, falling on con-

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sumers, other businesses, and government. Business groups estimate $9 billion in productivity will be lost to spam this year. Consumers pay for spam through time lost deleting and through phone bills while they do it, telecom companies subsidize spam through the bandwidth they build, Internet service providers must install new machines to accommodate it, and everyone pays for spam in the slowdown of Internet traffic.

What a line of work! Many businesses receive invisible subsidies, but probably none defends its privilege by shoveling out such a steaming-hot pile of libertarian malarkey as the spam trade. One would expect this from lobbies like the Direct Marketing Association and EMarketersAmerica.org, who decry the "mob mentality" of anti-spam activists. But there is also an extraordinary self-righteousness on the part of the mass e-mailers themselves. Spammer Bob Dallas told the *New York Times* that blocking mass, unsolicited e-mails "is against everything America stands for. The consumer should be the one in control of this." In congressional hearings last month, Ronald Scelson, the "Cajun Spammer," who sends over 200 million pieces of junk e-mail a day, complained that AOL and other Internet service providers were trammeling our rights as Americans. "The carriers right now," Scelson warned, "are deciding and filtering . . . whether you're going to read and see your mail or not. This is censorship. I was brought up and fought for this and still fight for this because I believe in freedom." The guy telling you WHERE TO MEET HORNY CHICKS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD only looks like a pornographer. He's actually Washington crossing the Delaware.

Those who want to maintain the libertarian ethos of the Internet urge that we simply put technological expertise to work fighting spam.

The market will take care of things, of course. Eventually it will be glutted with spammers, profits will fall, and the amount of spam will stabilize. Unfortunately it seems likely to stabilize at a level higher than that at which people are comfortable being on the Internet at all.

Potential solutions to the spam crisis tend to be of two kinds: technological and legal. Those who want to maintain the libertarian ethos of the Internet urge that we simply put as much technological expertise to work fighting spam as the spammers do producing it. Paul Graham in the Internet magazine *Network World*, for instance, rightly says there are two ways of stopping spam: Keep it from entering your inbox, or keep spammers from sending it. Since spam relies on profit-making, Graham says, "if you solve the first problem, you also solve the second."

Unfortunately, Graham's optimism will be totally unfounded as long as the cost of sending spam to a nonexistent or blocked mailbox is zero. What's more, it is by no means certain that the sophistication of spam-blocking technology is outstripping the sophistication of spam-sending technology. Russian-invented programs called Jeems can enter vulnerable home computers, transform their own identities periodically, and send out hundreds or thousands of spam packets in a session, totally undetected. Vast efforts have already gone into technology to block spam, and they appear insufficient to deter it. The primary tool that exists today is the "Bayesian" filter, which seeks out words like "Viagra" and phrases like "online gambling." Spammers have long been able to evade such filters with subtle misspellings (TURN HER ON WITH HERBAL VIARGA!).

That's why several federal lawmakers urge legislation. Most of it is toothless. The RID-Spam Act, sponsored by Republican congressmen James Sensenbrenner of Wisconsin and Billy Tauzin of Louisiana, would require commercial e-mailers to offer an "opt-out" choice to their targets. A spammer could be fined for continuing to solicit consumers who had explicitly requested to be left in peace. Anti-spam activists are unimpressed. Given the galaxy of addresses and identities used by most spammers, this would be far less effective than the "opt-in" model used in the European Union—where no company is supposed to send e-mail solicitations at all unless a customer has explicitly asked to be sent them.

Senators Ron Wyden, a Democrat from Oregon, and Conrad Burns, a Montana Republican, have their own bipartisan opt-out bill that adds a demand for honesty in tag lines. Thus, a spammer couldn't pitch online gambling under the headline, BAD NEWS ABOUT YOUR MOTHER. Two thirds of spam mailings are fraudulent in some way, according to the Federal Trade Commission—including 44 percent that come from fictitious addresses. (Apologies to *HotKandySue78904@yahoo.com* if I'm being unfair here.) The merit of the Wyden-Burns approach is that it allows us to prosecute many Internet abuses under the existing trade laws. Maybe that would help, since it is estimated that 90 percent of spam comes from about 200 practitioners. But maybe it wouldn't.

What's more, there are two separate problems with spam—the quantity of it and the quality of it—and the

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Wyden-Burns measure deals mostly with the former. A parent upset that his children are getting hundreds of solicitations to GET QUAALUDES WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION every year is not going to be delighted when they're receiving "only" dozens. Which brings us to one of the great disappointments—perhaps the central disappointment—of the computer age. Americans were sold on the Internet as an educational tool, and have been cajoled by Al Gore and like-minded politicians into spending vast sums of money to subsidize it as such. But thanks to spam, the "information superhighway" has become a rather racy place for children to travel unsupervised.

Under such circumstances, draconian steps are in order. Of the measures being discussed in Congress, the most sensible—sensible because it is what the spam problem will inevitably lead the public to demand within a year or two—is that of Democratic senator Charles Schumer of New York. Schumer wants a federal no-spam list like the no-call telemarketing list the FTC will have up-and-running by this summer. This is "opt-out" with a vengeance—consumers will be able to opt out of the unsolicited commercial e-mail cesspool altogether. Questions have been raised about the measure's feasibility. One enforcement question—how to identify the source of e-mails, which are harder to trace than telephone calls—will have to be addressed technologically, perhaps by the computer industry. But most of the quibbles about a do-not-spam list have the phony-baloney quality that is the hallmark of arguments traditionally made against Internet taxation. First comes feigned helplessness. Behind a lot of cant about the "ethereal" nature of human relations in the telecommunications age, the solution is deemed technologically unworkable. Then when taxation, or spam-blocking, as the case may be, is shown to be quite feasible, the argument is advanced that enacting it would "undermine the free-for-all spirit of the Internet."

The Internet economy turns out to be like a garden: Leave it alone and the entire space is choked off by the most noxious weed.

But this libertarian argument, particularly when mustered on behalf of spam, is the most phony-baloney argument of all. If we could only "unleash" this and "untrammel" that, politicians used to argue in the 1990s, we'd get higher profits and more freedom. So, by bipartisan consensus, a no-tax, low-regulation regime was devised for the Internet. It was market Rousseauianism, and for several years, the Internet economy has allowed us to conduct a long experiment on how the noble savage comports himself in cyberspace. Libertarianism has proved an attractive creed for the Internet generation in its lifestyle variant of live-and-let-live. But as a market system it has proved a flop.

The Internet economy, as spam shows, turns out to be like a garden: Leave it alone and you will not get (as you might assume in theory) a profusion of wild and interesting growth. No—you'll get the entire space choked off by the most noxious and aggressive weed. And spam has reached the point where it calls for a mighty pesticide. An entire range of federal regulations is going to be necessary if the Internet is to be kept usable; and enacting such regulations responsibly will take legislative prudence and care. A do-not-spam list is a first imperative. But it is also a social necessity that the principle of taxing the Internet be established soon. This will mean retiring the (in retrospect) absurdly named Internet Tax Freedom Act of 1998, which placed a moratorium on certain Internet taxes, and was extended in 2001 until November of this year.

It was always unfair not to tax business on the Internet, of course. There is no reason that Amazon.com should enjoy a pricing advantage (a de facto government subsidy) over a corner bookstore. But the most damaging part of the moratorium turns out to have been the most innocent-looking: that it banned charges for Internet access. Something like e-mail "postage" will be required if we are going to change the economic incentives that have invited pornographers, snake-oil salesmen, and other social predators into Americans' living rooms, in some cases hundreds of times a week. There are reasonable ways such postage can be collected. A penny-per-e-mail charge would drive most spammers out of business, subject them to jail time for tax evasion if they hid their operations, and cost the average three-letter-a-day Internet user just ten bucks a year. If even that seems too hard on the small user, then an exemption could be made for up to 5,000 e-mails per annum. If the postage were decried as a tax hike, then it could be used to fund one-to-one tax cuts in other areas—like sales taxes for the brick-and-mortar retail stores that have labored under such an unfair tax disadvantage for the past half decade.

Such programs can be argued over and adjusted in the coming months. But there is no chance that the Internet will return to its old level of user-friendliness until lawmakers recognize that the decision to leave it unregulated was a serious, ideologically driven mistake. ♦

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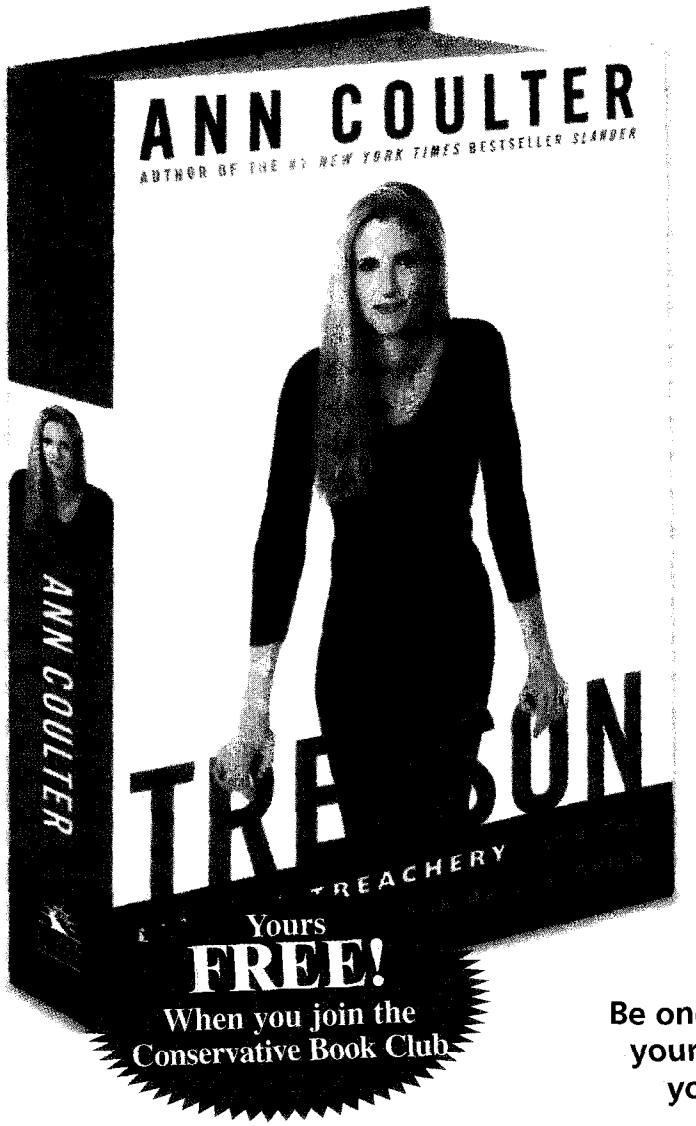
From Ann Coulter: a blistering exposé of liberal treachery against America

From the Cold War to the War on Terrorism



In this stunning follow-up to her #1 *NY Times* bestseller, *Slander*, leading conservative author Ann Coulter insists that liberals leave foreign policy decisions to conservatives. In *Treason*, Coulter contends that liberals have stood with the enemies of American interests in every major crisis from the fight against Communism to today's war on terrorism. Re-examining the 60-year history of the Cold War and beyond—including the career of Sen. Joseph McCarthy, the Hiss-Chambers affair, Ronald Reagan's face-off with Mikhail Gorbachev, the Gulf War, the Clinton impeachment, and Operation Iraqi Freedom—Coulter reveals the Left's shameful record of blindness to, and active cooperation with, the forces of totalitarianism and terror.

"Whether they are defending the Soviet Union or bleating for Saddam Hussein, liberals are always against America," writes Coulter. "They are either traitors or idiots, and on the matter of America's self-preservation, the difference is irrelevant. Fifty years of treason hasn't slowed them down."

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Democracy in Algeria

Singer-activist Ferhat Mehenni's campaign for liberal self-government

By Roger Kaplan

On the margins of the Arab world, the United States has some little noticed allies. These are ethnic or religious minorities who have never accepted the inevitability of strongman rule. Some of them have fallen on hard times—the Maronite Christians of Lebanon are scattered and defeated for now; the Copts, in Egypt, have been lying low for decades—but others see their fortunes rising. The Kurds of northern Iraq flourished under the protection of American jets in the last years of Saddam Hussein and are throwing themselves into the rebuilding of their country. Less familiar is the story of the Kabyles of Algeria and the bard-activist Ferhat Mehenni, who is one of their better-known leaders.

The Kabyles number about 10 million. They are Berbers descended from the pre-Arab inhabitants of North Africa. Converted to Islam by the 9th century, the Berbers now make up about a third of Algeria's 30 million people. Some 5 million Kabyles are concentrated in a region called Kabylie, east of Algiers, itself a predominantly Kabyle city. Another 2 million Kabyles are scattered around the world, primarily in France. They have their own language, Tamazight, and a unique form of grass-roots democracy: a network of citizens' committees, called *ârchs* (from the word for traditional village councils) that has sprung up in the region in the last two years seeking political liberalization and regional autonomy. The Algerian government, which at first responded to the *ârchs* with repression, now says it will negotiate with them. After September 11, when most Arab governments were content to express formal condolences, the *ârchs* openly supported the United States. And this spring, they were the only organized political institutions in the Arab world to applaud the American intervention in Iraq.

Part of the explanation for this phenomenon is that the Kabyles have been battling Islamic terrorism for over 10 years. In this, of course, they are scarcely alone in Algeria. But at the same time, they've been engaged in a classic civil-rights struggle with the country's authoritarian leaders. They stress that the best way to oppose "totalitarian Islamism," as Kabyle activists have called it for years, is to create a free and democratic society. The movement in Kabylie has been mostly peaceful, but some demonstrations have gotten out of control, prompting police repression and over a hundred fatalities in the last two years, and the arrest and imprisonment of 57 *ârch* delegates.

Though the *aarouche* movement is young, the democratic aspirations of Kabylie have a long history. Singer-songwriter Ferhat, as he is popularly known, has been serving the cause for most of his 50 years, and he stands on the shoulders of earlier leaders whose fight against the French colonial regime and its authoritarian successors was rooted in aspirations for liberty. Active in the opposition since the 1970s, jailed in the 1980s, under threat of death from Islamic terrorists since the 1990s, Ferhat Mehenni was one of the founders in 2001 of the Movement for Kabyle Autonomy, which supported the formation of the *ârchs* and partakes of their work. His party calls for a federal democracy in Algeria, for which the United States provides a model. "We need to diffuse power throughout society," he says, "not to concentrate it at the top."

Forty-one years after Algeria won its independence from France, the country is still searching for a way to balance the powerful Algerian national sentiment—which many in Kabylie share and defend—with the regional diversity that remains inescapable. Part of the difficulty lies in North Africa's complicated cultural legacy of migrations, invasions, colonization, wars, civil wars,

Roger Kaplan is the author of Conservative Socialism, *about the political culture of contemporary France.*

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and the process we used to call the melting pot. Today, how much importance one attaches to the difference between "Arabs" and "Berbers" is a matter of perspective.

Various branches of Berbers are indigenous to the Maghreb, the region stretching from Morocco to Libya and Mali. Willingly or not, they played host to Romans, Vandals, Goths, Jews, and of course Arabs, who conquered the region in the 7th and 8th centuries. The hero of the Berber resistance to the Arabs, according to the great 14th-century African historian Ibn Khaldun, was a woman named Kahina, whom he identified as a Jew. Be that as it may, the Jewish contribution to Algeria is considerable. Jews got along well with their neighbors, and cities like Constantine, Fez, Annaba, Tunis, and Tlemcen became important centers of Jewish culture.

Although today's Islamist fanatics are obsessed with cleansing Islamic lands of infidels, most Muslims throughout history have been hospitable. This is not a stereotype. In the Maghreb, in particular, customs, laws, habitat, and economics conspired to make hospitality a virtue highly prized. Closely related is the virtue of neighborliness, which explains why traditionally Arabs, Jews, Kabyles, and other Berbers never thought of denying one another the right to exist and, perchance, to thrive side by side. Transcending tribal wars, clannish suspicions, and the rest of the usual run of human folly, there was and still is the assumption that if you have no quarrel with a man, you might as well be nice to him.

Bard-activist Ferhat Mehenni

The French colonial system (imposed after a dreadful war of conquest in the 1830s and '40s) introduced European-style racism into Algerian politics. Some of France's leading anti-Semitic politicians represented Algerian districts in the French parliament under the Third Republic (1871-1940). And it wasn't only Jews who were despised: Their French overlords treated nine-tenths of the population as an inferior species. Not surprisingly, during World War II the overwhelming sentiment among the French in Algeria was Vichyite (at least until the arrival of a huge American army caused them to rethink their interests). Albert Camus, who grew up in Algiers, observed that the French system was bound to fail in Algeria so long as it was based on one group's denial of others' rights, and of course it did.

The Algerian war for independence, which raged with escalating cruelty from 1954 to 1962, left nearly a million dead out of a population of 12 million. The government that emerged from the struggle adopted French-style centralism—or "Jacobinism," as Ferhat Mehenni and his fellow Kabyle activists term it—perpetuating some of the worst aspects of French colonial policy. The first government of independent Algeria copied the bureaucratic and arrogant French administrative system. President Ahmed Ben Bella and his defense minister, Houari Boumédiene (who would overthrow Ben Bella), insisted on a monolithic state to galvanize Algerian nationalism. Ferhat asks why, rather than draw on the cultural resources of Algeria itself, Boumédiene and the ruling National Liberation Front (FLN) chose to appeal to a distant concept with little tangible value, the "Arab Nation."

Actually, Arab nationalism had its uses. Boumédiene decided that Arabic should be the only language in Algeria. It became a crime even to keep a Tamazight dictionary—at precisely the moment when the Berber languages, traditionally oral, were beginning to be given written expression by the generation of intellectuals, writers, and activists who influenced Ferhat in his youth. Since there were few teachers of Arabic in Algeria, Boumédiene turned the job over to narrow-minded bigots from Egypt and Syria, many of whom were influenced by or were members of the Muslim Brotherhood, the pan-Islamic organization started in the 1920s that is widely viewed as one source of today's Islamist extremism. This was not an arbitrary move. The anti-French revolution had brought together a coalition of ideologies and interests, including pan-Arabists and pan-Islamists. Thus, the National Liberation Front's slogan was "Algeria is my country, Islam is my religion, Arabic is my language." While the generally secular Kabyle leaders may not have entirely shared this sentiment, they went along with it until they realized it could be turned against them.

President Boumédiene died in 1979 and was followed by a weak successor, also a military man. It was at this time that the Berber cultural movement came to the fore. The "Berber spring" of 1980 is generally credited with being the first grass-roots, pro-democracy movement in the Maghreb since the fight for independence. It was based in the principal Kabyle city, Tizi-Ouzou, and brought together young activists from a variety of backgrounds. When the Boumédiene system cracked up in the late 1980s, the Kabyles pressed for both a democratic opening and greater cultural freedom. "We felt like

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strangers in our own land," Ferhat notes. "We were defined by [in effect] racist criteria, that denied our language and identity."

This seems overdrawn to many Algerians. As a group, Kabyles have done no worse than others in Algerian society. They have achieved distinction in the professions, the army, the high civil service, and politics. The current prime minister is a Kabyle, Ahmed Ouyahia, who is serving for the second time in this capacity. "Whenever the Kabyles get into trouble," a Moroccan once told me, "they wave the Berber flag, and expect us to rally around and bail them out." Yet the Berbers' frustration with the glacial pace of change is understandable. The signature demand of their movement for two decades—linguistic pluralism—was granted only last year.

Friends as well as critics of the present regime in Algeria recognize that the government has faced a major distraction—the terrorist emergency. During the 1980s, as the Boumédiene government demonstrated its inability to manage Algeria's growing economic and political problems, the Islamic fundamentalists presented themselves as a force for reform and renewal. Federating their various currents under the banner of the Islamic Salvation Front (FIS), the fundamentalists fought and won municipal elections in 1990, held under a new constitution hastily drafted in response to rising unrest. The FIS appeared set to win national parliamentary elections in January 1992, when the army stepped in and halted the process. Many Algerians, including leaders of the newly formed secular parties, conceded the FIS would have won, but noted that its spokesmen were openly announcing that democracy was useless and even wrong once a theocratic regime was in place.

The showdown between the Islamists and the military-backed regime spiraled into a nightmare, as Islamist hit-squads targeted representatives of the "Westernized" society they were determined to replace with a fundamentalist state, while the army battled well-trained and equipped units of the Islamic Salvation Army. By 1996, the threat of a military victory by the Islamists had receded, but terrorism continued throughout the decade and persists today. With over 100,000 killed in the civil strife, Algeria surely has earned the bitter distinction of being in the forefront of the "clash of civilizations," a clash that occurs within the Islamic world no less than between it and the West. "Kabylie," Ferhat points out, "was always in the forefront of the aspiration for democracy and modernity in the Maghreb, and it is no accident that it received special attention from the Islamic extremists."

Indeed, Ferhat himself was targeted for assassination in December 1994 when his Air France flight to Paris was hijacked by an Islamist commando, but luckily he was not recognized. He lived mostly in France in the late 1990s, making discreet visits home as the security forces battled the Armed Islamic Groups.

Throughout this ordeal, Ferhat regarded the strategy of the Algerian government with deep misgivings. Successive governments fought the armed Islamist movement while giving "moderate" Islamists ministerial positions. Defenders of this political line, both inside and outside of Algeria, point out that it is simply unrealistic to pretend that religious-based parties do not enjoy substantial support, and that it is right to distinguish between those who accept the rules of the democratic game and those who want to take over the country by force. It is probably in Kabylie that opposition to any concessions to religious politics is strongest. Using rhetoric that many Algerians consider excessive, Ferhat complained that "the government would rather make deals with people who are affiliated with bin Laden-type terrorists than with the democratic movement in Kabylie."

Ferhat Mehenni and his friends formed their Movement for Kabyle Autonomy in June 2001. In less than three months came the September 11 attacks. From the beginning, Ferhat Mehenni was in sympathy with the new direction in American policy. Regime change, after all, the decentralization of power, was something he had been working toward for over twenty years. He understood Bush's grand strategy: "The idea is to democratize all the states of the Middle East in order to eradicate the sources of terrorism and preempt a future 'clash of civilizations,' which, in time, should really converge toward mutual respect on the basis of democracy and liberty," he wrote in March 2003. "It may be naive, but the Americans at least can be thanked for laying out their goal forthrightly, and surely it's worth a shot."

This argument has not yet converted anyone in power in his country. The reflexive pan-Arabism of the Algerian leadership was demonstrated by the rather ostentatious visit the foreign minister paid to Iraq's embassy early in the war, and President Bouteflika's comment that the war—and especially its stated aims—represented "a dangerous precedent." (Bouteflika was relatively muted in his criticism of the United States, and embraced Bush at the recent G-8 meeting, perhaps because of enhanced cooperation against terrorism.) While few in Kabylie shed tears over the French-American split on Iraq, both the government and the public warmly welcomed French president Jacques Chirac when he visited Algiers in April—more, evidently, because of Chirac's position on Iraq than because of any supposed French-Algerian reconciliation.

In the long run, however, it is quite possible that Fer-

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hat Mehenni's ideas will turn out to be more realistic than those of his extremist detractors, who call him an Anglo-American-Zionist agent and demand his assassination. Like many public figures in Algeria, he travels with bodyguards. It is dangerous to break ranks in the Arab world. On the other hand, in Algeria as in France, where Chirac's popularity fell sharply in the wake of the coalition victory in Iraq, the public exposure of the Baath regime's savagery has dealt a serious blow to the idea—once conventional wisdom in the Arab world—that ethnic and religious solidarity justifies the status quo.

Ferhat Mehenni believes the real hope for peace in the vast regions of the Middle East resides in facing the reality that, if there is such a thing as a specifically Arab Islam, it cannot be imposed a long way from its heartland in the Arabian peninsula, in territories that are culturally fragmented and marked by the presence of non-Arab peoples like Kabyles and Kurds—indeed, that it would be better for all concerned to junk this concept once and for all. It is precisely such a "revolution in international relations" that he hopes the United States will support in the years ahead. That is one reason for his occasional trips to the United States—to keep abreast of politics and ideas here—the other being to sing a few songs "of love and steel," as he says, at concerts organized by Kabyle émigrés.

As he put it to me recently in an e-mail, "The role of the United States in this noble endeavor is key to the future of humanity. Better a world inspired and led by one great power than a multipolar world where nuclear risks and destructive wars will proliferate. GOD BLESS AMERICA."

In 1942, a huge American army arrived in Algeria, preparing to crush the German forces in Tunisia and move on to Italy and France. A delegation of Algerian democrats approached General Eisenhower and asked him not to leave until the French had reformed their system, granting equal rights to everyone in the country. The Algerians have preserved the suite at the Aldjazair Hotel where the great commander stayed. It would be gratifying to think that the memory of the American army in North Africa—the only one since Antiquity that came not to plunder or conquer—might encourage the incipient federalist movement to stand its ground and help bring peace to Algeria and to the Arab world beyond. ♦

WARRIORS OF THE LORD

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MICHAEL WALSH

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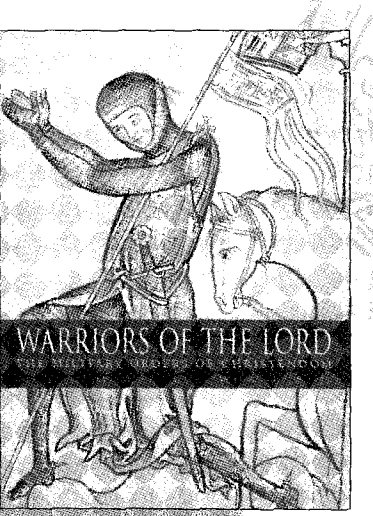

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The Myth of "Settlements"

Are they indeed the "root cause" of violence in the Middle East?

One of the enduring myths about the Arab-Israeli conflict is that the "settlements" in Judea/Samaria (often called the "West Bank") are the source of the conflict between the Jews and the so-called "Palestinians." If that problem were solved—in other words, if Israel would turn Judea/Samaria over to the "Palestinians"—peace would prevail and the century-old conflict would be ended.

What are the facts?

Erroneous Assumptions: Various fallacies and erroneous assumptions underlie that belief, so often repeated that even those who are friendly to Israel, even many Jews in Israel and in the United States, have come to accept it. Our government, generally friendly to and supportive of Israel, has bought into the myth of the "settlements;" it has regularly and insistently requested that the "settlements" be abandoned and, one supposes, be turned over lock, stock, and barrel to those who are sworn to destroy Israel.

The very designation of the Jewish inhabitants of Judea/Samaria as "settlers" is inappropriate, because it connotes something foreign, intrusive and temporary, something that is purposefully and maliciously imposed. But that is nonsense of course. Why would the quarter-million Jews who live in Judea/Samaria be any more "intrusive" or any more "illegal" than the more than one million Arabs who live in peace in what is called "Israel proper" or west of the so-called "green line"? Nobody considers their presence as intrusive; nobody talks of them as an obstacle to peace.

Most of us, regrettably perhaps, are too worldly and too "sophisticated" to put much stock in the argument that the territories in question, Judea and Samaria, are indeed the ancestral homeland of the Jewish people, that they were promised by God to Abraham and his seed in perpetuity. Jews have lived in that country without interruption since Biblical times. There is no reason why they shouldn't live there now. Why should Judea/Samaria be the only place in the world (except for such countries as Saudi Arabia) where Jews cannot live?

Legal Aspects: But how about the legal aspect of this matter? Isn't the "West Bank" "occupied territory" and therefore the Jews have no right to be there? But the historic reality is quite different. Very briefly: The Ottoman Empire was the sovereign in the entire area. After World War I, the British were awarded the Mandate over what was then called Palestine; it composed present-day Israel (including Judea/Samaria) and present-day Jordan. Article 6 of the Mandate "encouraged close settlement by the Jews on the land," including the lands of Judea/Samaria and Gaza (Yesha). That was later confirmed by the Balfour Declaration. Britain, for its own imperial reasons, separated 76 percent of the land—that lying beyond the Jordan River—to create the kingdom of Trans-Jordan (now Jordan) and made it inaccessible to Jews. In 1947, tired of the constant bloodletting between Arabs and Jews, the British threw in the towel and abandoned the Mandate. The UN took over. It devised a plan by which the land west of the Jordan River would be split between the Jews and the Arabs. The Jews, though with heavy heart, accepted the plan. The Arabs virulently rejected it and invaded the nascent Jewish state with the armies of five countries, so as to destroy it at its birth. Miraculously, the Jews prevailed and the State of Israel was born. When the smoke of battle cleared, Jordan was in possession of the West Bank and Egypt in possession of Gaza. They were the "occupiers" and they proceeded to kill many Jews and to drive out the rest. They systematically destroyed all Jewish holy places and all vestiges of Jewish presence. The area was "judenrein."

> "Here is a thought: How about a deal by which the 'settlements' were indeed abandoned, all the Jews were to move to 'Israel proper' and all the Arabs living in Israel would be transferred to Judea/Samaria or to wherever else they wanted to go."

In the Six-Day War of 1967, the Jews reconquered the territories. The concept that Jewish presence in Judea/Samaria is illegal and that the Jews are occupiers is bizarre. It just has been repeated so often and with such vigor that many people have come to accept it.

How about the "Palestinians," whose patrimony this territory supposedly is and about whose olive trees and orange groves we hear endlessly? There is no such people. They are Arabs—the same people as in Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and beyond. Most of them migrated into the territories and to "Israel proper," attracted by Jewish prosperity and industry. The concept of "Palestinians" as applied to Arabs and as a distinct nationality urgently in need of their own twenty-third Arab state, is a fairly new one; it was not invented until after 1948, when the State of Israel was founded.

But here's a thought: How about a deal by which the "settlements" were indeed abandoned and all the Jews were to move to "Israel proper." At the same time, all the Arabs living in Israel would be transferred to Judea/Samaria or to wherever else they wanted to go. That would indeed make Judea/Samaria "*judenrein*," and what are now Arab lands in Israel would be "*arabrein*." The Arabs could then live in a fully autonomous area in eastern Israel and peace, one would hope, would descend on the holy land.

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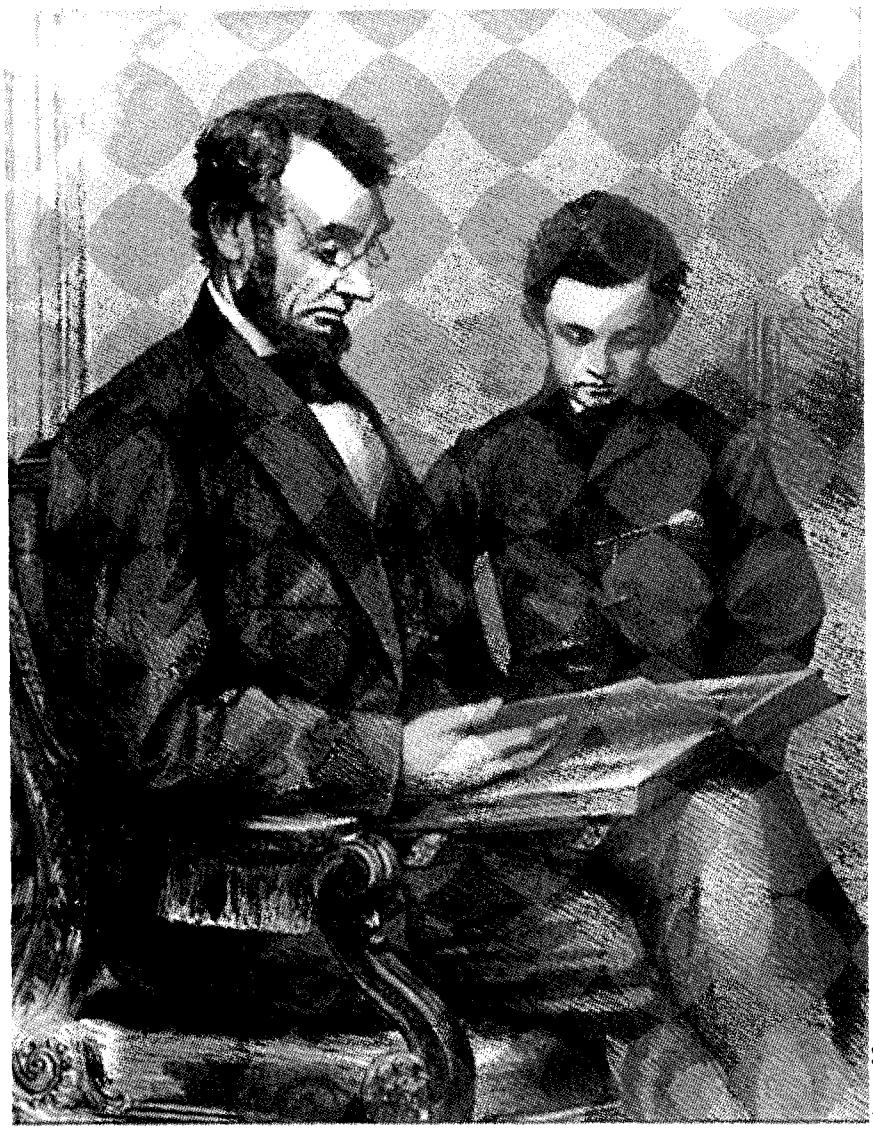
First Dad

The burden of having a president as father

By Noemie Emery



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Late in November 1988, Doug Wead, who had worked in the campaign that made George Bush Sr. president, wrote a paper about presidents' children for his associate, George W. Bush. What Wead found disturbed him—and disturbed the young George Bush when he read it: The children of America's presidents had a terrible record of failure and premature death. Bush himself had a superficial resemblance to Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.: a president's namesake, with a brother in politics whose career started in promise and burned out in farce. (Franklin Jr. also failed in a bid to be a governor, a post that George Bush had in mind at the time.)

Wead's forty-four-page paper is now a heart-wrenching and impressive book, *All the Presidents' Children: Triumph and Tragedy in the Lives of America's First Families*. One of the spurs for finishing the book may have been the death of John F. Kennedy Jr., who was killed with his wife and her sister while flying a plane in bad weather in 1999. His death saddened Wead but did not surprise him. He already knew that the sons and the namesakes of presidents have a fatal attraction to risk—and that under the power and glory of presidents lies a secret connection of grief. "There is no more remarkable common denominator among American presidents than their early encounters with premature death," Wead writes. "Twenty-six children of presidents died before the age of five, and dozens more before they reached thirty. Rutherford B. Hayes had seven children; three died before their second birthday. John Tyler lost three of his adult daughters within a six-year period. . . . William McKinley and Franklin Pierce saw all their children die."

All the Presidents' Children
Triumph and Tragedy in the Lives of America's First Families
by Doug Wead
Atria, 456 pp., $26

John and John Quincy Adams each buried two of their children. Thomas Jefferson buried five of six children; Abraham Lincoln two of four. The curse continued into a more modern era of medicine: Franklin Roosevelt, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy, Ronald Reagan, and the elder George Bush all buried young children. John Adams could not speak for years of his one-year-old daughter. One of Jefferson's daughters died at four months; he carried a lock of her hair all his life. "Grover Cleveland found the death of his twelve-year-old Ruth 'almost unbearable,'" Wead notes. The notoriously detached John Kennedy had to be pried away from his infant son's coffin. "Calvin Coolidge was a 'different person' after the passing of his teenage son."

Perhaps because they had less to distract them, the first ladies seemed to grieve even more. "After the death of her first child . . . First Lady Jane Pierce would wear black for the rest of her life," Wead writes. (She may have been prescient, since her other two children would also die young.) "Mary

Noemie Emery is a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard.

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All photos: Atria

Above: Grant with his family. Below: FDR with his son James.

Lincoln was an emotional wreck after the death of her son Willie and held White House séances trying to speak to him. A grieving Eliza Johnson lived in seclusion on the second floor of the White House during her husband's term." Many years later, Grace Coolidge would die on July 8, the day after the date on which her son Calvin Jr. had perished. Mary Todd Lincoln fell into a coma on the anniversary of the death of her son Tad and died one day after. After Dwight Doud Eisenhower died at age three, his parents made a practice of sending each other flowers and notes on his birthday, the 24th of September. On that date in 1955, President Eisenhower had his first major heart attack. Years later, on the 23rd of September, Mamie Eisenhower had her fatal stroke.

And if children survive beyond childhood, that does not end the story. John and John Quincy Adams each had one son who became justly famous and powerful, and each had two sons who became alcoholics. Of these four, two died disgraced and estranged from their families, and three died before age thirty-two. One of these was George Washington Adams, a son and a grandson and a namesake of presidents. Beaten down by his father's relentless exactions, he began to drink heavily, lost money entrusted to him by family members, and fathered a daughter by a maid in a friend's house. En route to a feared confrontation with his ex-president father, he jumped or fell from a steamer into Long Island Sound.

Some presidents' sons became famous, if not quite untroubled: Presidents George W. Bush and John Quincy Adams; Robert Todd Lincoln, captain of industry; Charles Francis Adams, a Civil War diplomat, Senator Robert A. Taft; John Eisenhower, a distinguished historian, and Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, the most-decorated man in the history of America's armed forces—dying a hero just after D-Day at fifty-six, a ripe old age for the son of a president.

But many more suffered defeat and failure, and they flood history in a sad and angry tide. Andrew Jackson Jr. died in a freak hunting accident. Andrew Johnson Jr. was an alcoholic who died young in another accident. A brother died at age thirty-five, a possible suicide. Kermit Roosevelt, third son of Theodore, shot himself in the mouth on an army base in Alaska in 1943.

Many children, especially daughters, suffered through difficult marriages. The chaos reached new and strange heights in the family of Franklin Roosevelt—the only man to be elected four times, and a man whose wife became almost as great a celebrity as her presidential husband. The five surviving Roosevelt children wracked up nineteen marriages, with associated scandals and suicide efforts. One daughter's second husband threw himself out of a window. A son's wife (the actress Faye Emerson) was hospitalized after cutting her wrists. The sons moved back and forth between using the family name to get money and indulging in acts of overt and covert hostility. "Two sons worked for their father's bitterest enemies, and another married into a family that openly despised him," Wead observes. "John, the youngest, became a committed Republican, . . . another endorsed his father's opponent when he ran for a third term."

Why do so many presidents' children commit suicide? Or take risks or take drugs? Different reasons suggest themselves. Being a president's child does not merely refer to the few years the parents may live in the White House. It means a lifetime of being the child of the kind of person who wants to be and then makes himself president. It means having a father who drives both himself and the people around him. It means having a father who is constantly busy, frequently traveling, and for various reasons may be unavailable. It means having a father whose love affair with his calling and country often comes at the expense of his family.

It is no accident that the presidents whose children showed the most overt hostility were those of Ronald Reagan and Franklin Roosevelt, two great national leaders who found it much easier to establish the illusion of intimacy with millions of strangers than to establish the real thing with their children. Wead tells the story of

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Roosevelt's son who had to make an appointment through his father's aides for a formal meeting in the Oval Office to discuss a matter of personal urgency. While he talked, his father sat reading a document. The son told his mother he would never talk to his father about anything that troubled him again.

"The stress of the American presidency is a killer," Wead tells us. Some of that stress is passed on in the instant and undeserved fame that comes to the children of presidents—together with constant attention, high expectations, and gleeful notice when they slip. It can come from the overblown praise that makes a father appear all too godlike. It can also come with undue abuse. Presidents' children routinely see their parents denounced as thieves, fools, liars, and killers; and when their parents fail, the failures are public and huge. It can even come, as Wead notes, with "a complete lack of connection between doing and getting." This is what destroyed the elder three sons of Franklin Roosevelt, who got too many freebies and never learned discipline.

Celebrities in general have short, stressful lives: They are four times more likely to commit suicide than normal Americans, two and one-half times more likely to die in an accident, and two times more likely to die of cirrhosis or kidney diseases, often from drinking or drugs. But presidents' children have additional problems that drive self-esteem down. An actor's son may become a doctor and believe he is doing something more important; a doctor's son may become an actor and be much better known. But a president's child has no place to run: no line of work with more power and glory, fame and dazzle, or chance to change the world. A president's son cannot surpass his father; he can just hope to match him. And only two men have done that.

When that firstborn son is the namesake of the president, as with John Quincy Adams, Theodore Roosevelt Jr., John Kennedy Jr., and George W. Bush, the strain is intensified. But even when the honors are split up, as with George Washington Adams and his younger brother John Adams, the dangers don't decrease: "When there was confusion over just who the heir apparent might be, the firstborn or the namesake, fate would often overtake them both." John Kennedy Jr. and the four sons of Theodore Roosevelt became extreme risk-takers, perhaps trying in some way to match fathers who were not only presidents but popular heroes. A few weeks before he died, John Kennedy Jr. applied to the Park Service for permission to climb up the face of Mt. Rushmore. The symbolism of this—climbing over the heads of men even greater than Daddy—is almost too neat to be true.

Carter with his daughter meeting Brezhnev.

With his narration, history, and psychological musings, Wead seems to have covered most sides of this story, but two points remain to be made. One is the difference age makes in these stories. The elder George Bush became the father of a son at twenty-two and president at sixty-four, a whole lifetime later. George W. Bush was eighteen in 1964 when his father was first elected to Congress, and thirty-four in 1980 when his father was elected Vice President. When his father became president in 1988, he was forty-two—young middle age, the same age Theodore Roosevelt was when he became president and only a year younger than Kennedy.

Compare that with John F. Kennedy, elected at forty-three, who became president and the father of a son the same month. John F. Kennedy Jr. left the White House when he was three and spent his whole life in the giant shadow of a father he could not remember himself. George W. Bush not only remembered his father, he had known him intimately as a child, a teenager, and a more-or-less equal adult. It was the problems of that adulthood—as he tried and failed to catch up with his father who always kept rising—that may have caused him his acknowledged problems, particularly his drinking. It was only after his father had failed in public—when he lost the 1992 race to Bill Clinton—that the career of the younger man started to flourish.

The second point to be made is that these strange strains and stresses are no longer confined to the children of presidents. The most pressured political sons of the twentieth century were those of Albert Gore Sr. and Joseph P. Kennedy, two men who weren't president but thought that they should be and aimed their sons at the White House with a force and ferocity never yet seen in an actual president. Meanwhile, in all the ways that matter—power, pressure, exposure, and privilege—the families of Robert F. Kennedy, Edward Kennedy, and Governor Jeb Bush of Florida are nearly "presidential," and all of them have the drug problems to prove it. The current state of the Jeb Bush family, with one child being groomed for political stardom and another in court-ordered rehab for substance dependency, is a pattern John Adams would recognize.

Doug Wead has written a great story and a frightening thesis, a must-read for students of horror and history, for all politicians who try to rear children, and for the publishers and writers who may try to exploit them. Some people have wondered why George and Laura Bush keep their children so far from the life of the White House. *All the Presidents' Children* tells us why. ♦

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Bright Debut

Danielle Crittenden's Amanda for all seasons.

BY SUSIE CURRIE

You probably met Amanda Bright on May 25, 2001, when the *Wall Street Journal* began serialization—its first ever—of Danielle Crittenden's novel *Amanda.Bright@home.* The first chapter appeared in the print edition, with the rest weekly through Labor Day on the *Journal*'s website. Over the summer, it provoked dozens of reader responses, including this plaintive one after the last installment: "This is the end?"

Amanda Bright@home
by Danielle Crittenden
Warner, 323 pp., $23.95

Well, no. Two years later, Amanda is back, in a book of the same name (minus the name-splitting dot). For those who haven't been introduced, Amanda Bright is a conflicted Washington, D.C., mother who gives up a post at the National Endowment for the Arts to stay home with her children, Ben, age five, and Sophie, three. She's married to Bob Clarke, who prides himself on being an idealistic lawyer for the Department of Justice instead of a private-sector sellout. She never misses a chance to point out that she and her husband use different surnames, as if trying to convince herself and all around her that her identity has not disappeared along with her paycheck.

Once, when Amanda was channel-surfing to find a cartoon, she happened upon a show where a woman was transforming shoeboxes into animals and lace-trimmed jewelry boxes. The kids were immediately interested, while Amanda couldn't change the channel fast enough: "God, she would rather be dead than spending her afternoons glue-gunning shoe boxes!" Instead, she spends much of her time avoiding or enduring her children, referring to them at one point as "Velcro monkeys" whom she's glad to shed to shop. They never climb on her lap for a story, present her with a bedraggled bouquet, or cover her face with grape-juice-flavored kisses. The book opens with Amanda urging her children: "Just *go*—go upstairs, do something, watch a video, I don't care."

Any full-time mother who can truthfully say she has never uttered something along these lines has either a nanny or a halo. But if we don't take some time to smell the roses, build the Lego tower, or dress Her Royal Pint-Sized Highness in our best silk scarves, we may as well stay behind our desks. The children, in fact, are bit players in the book. Amanda's friends, Bob's career, and their marriage seem to get more ink than Ben and Sophie. When Bob gets what he thinks is the break of a lifetime, the story switches to follow it, becoming more a chronicle of marital stresses and Washington intrigue.

Bob is elated when he's chosen as the lead investigator for the government's case against Megabyte, the country's largest software manufacturer headquartered in—where else?—Washington state. Other thinly veiled references abound. Grover Mudd, the gossip columnist for the *Washington Post*, is Lloyd Grove, the reporter who had a role in Crittenden's real life when he described an unfortunate e-mail she sent. Amanda's children are on scholarship at "The Center for Early Childhood," which is Cleveland Park's venerable Victorian-housed National Child Research Center.

Danielle Crittenden

Warner Books

This is Crittenden's first foray into fiction. Her 1999 *What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us: Why Happiness Eludes the Modern Woman* should be on every young woman's reading list; its advice will counter the conventional wisdom prevailing on most campuses. Her essays and reviews have appeared in many publications, including this magazine, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Post*, and the Independent Women's Forum magazine, the *Women's Quarterly*, of which she was the founding editor.

Crittenden has said that her idea to write a novel, instead of more of this earlier style of work, began percolating after she reviewed a batch of feminist novels with identical, formulaic, fairy-tale-in-reverse plots: Angelic woman finds strength to leave boorish husband and runs off with "some weedy, left-wing academic guy" to become "a potter in Santa Fe."

No one can accuse Crittenden of being formulaic, and the book has several bright spots, such as the wonderful description of the school that almost expels her son for waving a contraband cookie in clear violation of the "Just Say No to Nuts" policy and a poignantly funny scene in which Amanda accompanies a stay-at-home dad to see his play opening at a nursing home.

Susie Currie is a stay-at-home mother in suburban Maryland.

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But a comment from one of the early readers still rings true: "Both [main] characters are so repellent, in a very subtle, everyday way." Most of the others are worse. There's Susie, a spectacularly selfish television personality who has retained enough of her ebbing beauty to have an affair that nearly brings down Bob's career. She is the kind of person who actually says things like, "If you're not on TV, you don't exist in this town." The women in Amanda's exclusive play group are as rich and shallow as crème brûlée; when she was introduced, "they greeted her with the same feigned enthusiasm with which they accepted their children's 'finds' from the backyard." They enjoy discussing their plastic surgery options, obsessing about their hothouse-flower children, and lounging poolside "as still and majestic as the gilded figures on Egyptian sarcophagi."

So for moral support, Amanda calls her college friend Liz, who scandalized their Brown classmates by bearing four children and actually marrying their father. Liz, a former women's history major, clearly relishes being a mother: "Spawn, apparently, turned out to be compelling little creatures when they were your own and not someone else's selfish indifference to the world's looming food and ozone shortages." She tells Amanda that others won't respect what she's doing if she herself doesn't. "*Own* it, Amanda—own your time, your identity." Amanda does make some small strides in this direction: enlisting the kids to help banish demoralizing piles of clutter, making a dinner without take-out containers. But just when you think she's actually going to start being comfortable at home, there she is planning what outfit she'd wear on her first day back at work.

Those plans are put on hold when an unplanned pregnancy intrudes. She greets the double-striped plastic wand as if it had announced inoperable cancer. ("It's so awful! It's just so awful!" she sobs as she collapses in her husband's arms.) Bob, meanwhile, is so apparently enamored of a woman's right to choose that he lets her make all important decisions. Whether Amanda is wondering if she should to return to work or carry their third baby to term, Bob steps deferentially out of the equation, assuring her that it's her decision and he'll support it. Maybe he's trying to be supportive, but he comes across as spineless.

Which is better than her housewife-turned-antiwife mother, a caricature of Betty Friedan. She belittles Amanda for marrying too young (at age twenty-six) and leaving her job to care for her children; news of a third pregnancy precipitates a relational Antarctica. Of course feminism is about choice, she snaps at Amanda before hanging up on her, "it was never about *this* choice."

In most of the nation's capital and its closest suburbs, that view has been swallowed whole. The area has one of the highest concentrations of double-income families in the country, so a full time mother would be lonelier here than in, say, one of the bland exurban McMansions that Amanda and Bob abhor. The couple met at a keg party on Capitol Hill and never manage to escape the milieu in which those without access to power are invisible.

Still, part of Amanda's conflict is self-inflicted. Even in Washington there are mothers who can find at least a little joy in spending their daytime hours with those they love most and who recognize that while adults' needs may have changed with the times, children's haven't. One wishes that Amanda would make an effort to find them—or at least go out and buy a copy of Crittenden's *What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us*. ♦

Selah

A piercing new collection of the Psalms.

BY ALAN JACOBS

What makes for a good translation of the Psalms? It depends on what you mean by "good."

There are at least three criteria one can employ: accuracy of translation, devotional usefulness, and poetic merit. And typically the translator can achieve one of these qualities only at the expense of the others. Laurance Wieder's *Words to God's Music: A New Book of Psalms*, clearly strives for poetic merit, and largely achieves it—though I must admit that his prefatory "Brief Explanation" very nearly scared me away from the whole project.

Words to God's Music
A New Book of Psalms
by Laurance Wieder
Eerdmans, 186 pp., $25

Alan Jacobs teaches English at Wheaton College in Illinois. His most recent book is A Theology of Reading: The Hermeneutics of Love.

In that introductory note, Wieder says that, as far as he knows, he is "only the third poet to produce a complete English version," the others being the sixteenth-century team of Sir Philip Sidney and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke (whom Wieder counts as a single poet), and, two centuries later, Christopher Smart. Since I could immediately think of half-a-dozen such versions—including Gordon Jackson's quite recent *Lincoln Psalter*—I was puzzled by this claim. It turns out to be based on Wieder's belief that "poets' versions differ from psalms found in translations of the Bible, and from the metrical psalms found in hymnals."

The first distinction I won't dispute, because Wieder doesn't explore it in any detail; but the second, deriving from Wieder's conviction that psalms "written to fit received melodies for

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singing" and psalms that "have a sectarian cast" aren't really poetry, and their authors not really poets, simply can't be sustained. (The late great English poet and scholar Donald Davie, who devoted much of his career to renovating the poetic reputations of such hymn-writers as Isaac Watts, Charles Wesley, and William Cowper, is probably sputtering in heavenly rage at this moment.) The effective severance of poetry and music happened long ago—their marriage recalled only in the term "lyric"—but to say, as Wieder seems to, that if you can sing it it's not poetry, is absurd, as is denying to Isaac Watts the title of "poet."

It is a testimony to Wieder's skills that his poems were able to get me out of the funk induced by his "Brief Explanation." Their signal trait is terseness, concision, as is indicated by his titles, which are usually a single word: "Shake," "Crooked," "Trespass." In contrast to Gordon Jackson's long-lined, expansive meditations, almost all of Wieder's psalms are shorter, often considerably shorter, than other English versions, like a sauce reduced and intensified. Thus "Please" (Psalm 125):

As mountains ring Jerusalem
So God surrounds the people,
Chosen by heart, not by lot.
They are cedars on mountains.
Wind twists the evil ones, fearful.
High hills protect Israel.

Sometimes Wieder squeezes his syntax too tightly, as in "Festival" (Psalm 100), when he speaks for Israelites who did not praise God loudly *until God made us / Enter squally bawling thank-yous / In our lifetime, children's children*. And sometimes the colloquial note is discordant, as in "Memo" (Psalm 64): *Great detective! / Who escapes deduction? / Not the mouthpiece chopping / Logic, who'll have to hear his heart / Attacked. That cheers me up*. Both the concision and enjambment recall the great and recently deceased Welsh poet R.S. Thomas. But in general Wieder has found an idiom that communicates the gnarled energy intrinsic to the originals.

Concision can't do everything, of course. When he comes to some of the more elaborate and rhetorically extravagant of the Psalms—Psalm 19, for instance: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork"—Wieder doesn't attempt even to paraphrase:

Big, shy, a schoolboy
Canters laps around the ballfield,
A dapple colt escaped both dam and stable
Grazing the green theater of his being.
To see it clearly's sweet as sunlight
On an autumn shoulder, shining on the face
Of harder laws than stadiums in stone.
I learned a lot just sitting in the bleachers:
To understand, and not mistake, my own
Words for the breath that makes me pause.
God, give me enough light and will
To say just what I see,
See what I do,
Do what I say,
Say what you will.

That's the whole of it—the affecting, movingly ruminative whole of it. But poems like Psalm 19, while not long, are anything but terse, so what Wieder in his commitment to terseness provides is a kind of ironic commentary, a strong tonal contrast to the Hebrew and earlier English versions. And that makes me think about why I like these poems. To what extent do they stand on their own? Does their success depend on what I can always hear underneath them, that throbbing ground bass of those old rhetorical engines, the expansive, cascading language of Wycliffe and Tyndale and Coverdale and those now long-since forgotten laborers for King James?—poets, every one of them. ♦

Soft Cell

An American academic likes Europe's jails better than America's. **BY ELI LEHRER**

Whether they smoke marijuana or commit murder, American criminals almost always receive stiffer punishments than their European counterparts. In *Harsh Justice*, Yale University professor James Q. Whitman tries to explain Americans' relative enthusiasm for punishment by studying the intellectual and political histories of the United States, France, and Germany.

Harsh Justice
Criminal Punishment and the Widening Divide Between America and Europe
by James Q. Whitman
Oxford University Press, 311 pp., $35

Over time, Whitman believes, status-conscious France and Germany began to treat nearly all criminals in the dignified manner once reserved for members of the nobility and political prisoners. America, disdainful of such status distinctions since the Revolution, came to treat everyone in the low-status manner befitting peasants and common criminals. The United States, he argues, moved to one-size-fits-all vengeance while Europe moved towards individualized, nurturing justice. American justice thus "tends not to treat offenders with respect"—which puts the nation at peril through its indifference to suffering.

The key figure in Whitman's analysis is Cesare Beccaria, the Milanese Enlightenment thinker who believed in uniform punishments without regard to the offenders' status or circumstances. This philosophy gained only modest traction in Europe, but Americans—skeptical of state power and prone to populist revulsion against arbitrary pardons—took it to heart. And the system that resulted was merciless and cruel.

Is this right? The history in *Harsh Justice* sheds only a dim light on the realities of punishment in the United States and Europe. Whitman fails, for

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instance, to explain why the American passion for egalitarianism, present in the society since at least 1776, failed to manifest itself in criminal justice for over two hundred years. Except to note that Americans and Europeans gave up on ideas about rehabilitation "very suddenly, around 1975," he gives no hint that rising crime led to public enthusiasm for harsher punishment. Indeed, a comparative study of crime rates sheds significant light on attitudes toward punishment. In the 1970s, American crime rates—which had climbed steadily since the end of World War II—were the highest in the industrialized world. Imprisonment rates, by contrast, were about the same as those in other rich countries. Sick of crime—over 60 percent of households fell victim to property crimes in 1973—Americans began to demand harsher punishments. The nation built new prisons and instituted stiff sentencing guidelines. By the late 1990s, America's overall crime rates were lower than those in any other large developed country. (Although homicide remains stubbornly high.) Europeans didn't build prisons and, perhaps because of the attitudes Whitman discusses, saw crime rates soar: Today, London, Paris, and Berlin all have more crime per capita than New York City.

Whitman has visited German prisons and read German guard-training manuals, but he doesn't appear to have done the same in the United States—and so he makes much out of European training-manual provisions and legal precedents requiring respectful treatment of prisoners, but he seems unaware that similar provisions also exist in the United States. French prisons, as Whitman concedes, are in some ways *worse* than their American counterparts. While he makes much of policies allowing French prisoners to wear their own clothes and have other petty comforts, he really doesn't make a convincing case that Europeans as a whole are much nicer to prisoners than Americans overall. They simply let them out of prison more quickly and suffer higher crime rates as a result. More disturbingly, Whitman's book has a strangely anti-democratic subtext. Whitman has many kind words for unelected European bureaucrats who run prison systems and, in one absurd passage, compares America's long prison sentences to Nazi torchlight rallies because both "lend themselves naturally to mobilizing mass support."

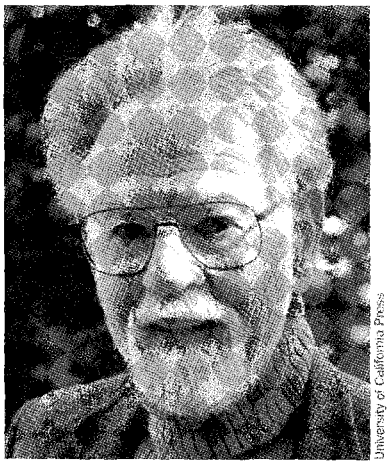
Americans and Europeans do, indeed, feel differently about crime, and Whitman is right that intellectual history has something to do with this divergence. But explaining it requires a careful look at the political and social realities that shape the administration of criminal justice, and that's what *Harsh Justice* never provides. ♦

Greens and Greenbacks

We can fix the environment by fighting poverty.

BY CHARLES T. RUBIN

Of the writing of books about the environment there is no end, and not entirely due to vanity. New issues and new information call for constant updating. Even more important, as Berkeley emeritus professor Jack Hollander notes in *The Real Environmental Crisis*, is that environmental quality is a moving target. Success breeds the desire for more success, and leads to the perception of ever more refined threats to our well being and nature's.



University of California Press

The Real Environmental Crisis
Why Poverty, Not Affluence, Is the Environment's Number One Enemy
by Jack M. Hollander
University of California Press, 237 pp., $27.50

The outline of books about environmental science and policy is pretty well established. Start with a survey of the history of "American environmentalism," then spend a chapter each on various kinds of pollution, ecosystem issues, and symptoms of doomsday.

A professor of politics at Duquesne University, Charles T. Rubin is the author of The Green Crusade: Rethinking the Roots of Environmentalism.

Hollander's book conforms to this model in form but not in substance. For this slim but intellectually weighty volume's examination of today's environmental hot topics is informed by a direct confrontation with a central tenet of many self-styled environmental activists, who see Western affluence as a major source of environmental degradation. Hollander's examination of a wide range of issues suggests that today poverty is a far more likely cause of environmental degradation.

The argument is not complex, and Hollander is aware that the basic insights are not original. There may be epochs where economic development brings with it high environmental costs, as a society becomes wealthier and more people desire the amenities that are traditionally reserved for the rich. An economically successful society has a greater ability to legislate and regulate as environmental concern grows. Nations where the majority are living on the knife's

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edge of necessity cannot afford such measures, and there is unlikely to be any call for them when people have the short time horizons that go along with being primarily concerned with getting by. Furthermore, Hollander recognizes, in many such places the desires of the general population are hardly relevant to what governments do. He sees free political institutions as central to environmental improvement along with economic growth.

In making this case Hollander shifts our understanding of a variety of environmental problems. Because environmental quality is an increasingly desired and affordable good in wealthy nations, problems such as air pollution, water quality, and deforestation simply do not exist any longer on the scale that they often do in poor nations.

Furthermore, because Hollander thinks that it is important to identify clearly what science genuinely knows, he is skeptical about the conventional wisdom on many eco-problems. He doubts we understand global climate change well enough to make sensible policies, and he believes that concerns about overpopulation are overblown. Even when he thinks that a given issue is properly defined, he may set out alternative ways of thinking about solutions that link them to wealth generation.

Not all the chapters in *The Real Environmental Crisis* are equally strong or develop the poverty connection with equal rigor. A chapter on transportation is rather blithe about the ability of poor nations to solve urban congestion problems with which even wealthy nations have not had much luck. A chapter on biodiversity acknowledges that the issue is very poorly understood, yet argues that policy should defer to the informed intuitions of those biologists who believe in the seriousness of the threat of species loss, a far lower evidentiary standard than Hollander usually employs. And, oddly, nothing is said about local and private efforts in developing countries to use species preservation as a tool for economic development—a case where the poor may have something to teach the wealthy.

Given its author's thesis, *The Real Environmental Crisis* necessarily closes with a chapter about methods of poverty reduction. Rightly making a major theme of the link between economic development and political freedom, Hollander is perhaps too sanguine in speaking of "the inexorable movement toward human freedom that has been occurring for more than a century," a belief that stands in some ironic contrast with his heavy reliance on United Nations analyses of how to promote development. As he also acknowledges, "the road to affluence is lamentably littered with the detritus of human history, culture and oppression." Whether the United Nations has genuinely found less-cluttered routes to affluence remains an open question.

While the history of books that question environmentalist orthodoxies is practically coterminous with the development of those orthodoxies, the appearance of Hollander's book means that over the past couple of years, two major university presses have published solid books in this genre.

While perhaps not destined for success on the scale of Bjørn Lomborg's *The Skeptical Environmentalist*, Hollander's *The Real Environmental Crisis* deserves a wide audience both for its merits and for the irresistible commercial message it would send to strapped university presses about the benefits of introducing genuine diversity in their offerings about the environment. ♦

Amman and a Woman

A memoir of misogyny in the Middle East.

BY IRWIN SAVODNIK

Imagine that you are an accountant, residing in your family home in Amman, Jordan, the father of four handsome sons and a twenty-five-year-old daughter. But you are troubled by news that your daughter has been seeing a Christian man. So, early one morning, you take a knife and stab her twelve times. You wait ten minutes to be sure she is dead. Then you call an ambulance.

Honor Lost
Love and Death in Modern Day Jordan
by Norma Khouri
Atria, 224 pp., $24

The daughter's name was Dalia, and the nonfiction tale of her life and death is told by Norma Khouri in *Honor Lost*. A poet and short story writer who composed this book secretly in an Internet café, and now a reluctant émigrée from Amman, Khouri was Dalia's closest friend. From the beauty salon they founded together, they ran headlong into the deadly rage that underlies the misogynistic culture of Arab men.

For a long time, we have been told that we need to develop a deeper understanding of Arab culture, contemplate its predicament, and not be so inclined to condemn a whole civilization. The antiglobalists, multiculturalists, and postmodernists have argued that tensions between the West and the Middle East are attributable entirely to the United States. The provenance of such conflict, the argument goes, resides in American ignorance of Arab history and culture.

Norma Khouri's *Honor Lost* won't incline the reader towards greater forbearance. Were a Jordanian man to

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murder his son, he would face severe penalties. Under Jordanian law, a son enjoys all the rights of a person, while a daughter is property. She can be sold to a suitor, abandoned, or put to death.

To be sure, even in Amman, the murder of a daughter requires *some* consideration by the police. But once that murder has been determined to be merely the result of an "honor killing," no further criminal investigation by the police ensues. As Khouri puts it, "someone charged with neglecting to wear a seat belt while driving faces stiffer penalties than the perpetrator of an honor crime. Where anyone found publicly criticizing the king automatically faces three years in prison, a man performing an honor killing spends less than three hours in front of the Sharia's courts."

Khouri's account makes graphically clear the moral gap separating the West from the Arab world. No Western system of ethics—not Kantianism, utilitarianism, Thomism, or any of the rest—is going to countenance the slaying of one's child because she was holding someone's hand. The chasm between the two civilizations appears in this simple act of touching—and reveals, along the way, the deep Arab fear and hatred of female sexuality. Rather than funnel the idea of a sexual woman into an artistic medium, for instance, Arab culture simply denies it—and kills it in the name of honor when it encounters a sign of it as small as the intertwining fingers of two people.

Khouri performs a valuable service to the West by presenting in moment-to-moment detail the tragedy of her friend Dalia's murder. She makes it clear that whether we understand it or not, the moral organization of the Arab world raises the question of whether or not the West can ever reach an accommodation with it.

This is not a matter of mere cultural difference, but of the core beliefs that define the boundaries of possible thought. Khouri does not appear to have meant to raise this question in *Honor Lost*, but by the end of this short, powerful book, the reader cannot escape it. ♦

Summer of '42

Richard Schickel revisits the great movies of his childhood. **BY MARTIN LEVIN**

In his memoir *Good Morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip*, Richard Schickel confesses that he became a "cinemaddict" at age five, when he was taken to a neighborhood theater to see *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. He didn't much care for the movie, but he was enchanted by the *rite* of moviegoing. The local picture palaces offered an escape, he says, from the mind-numbing serenity of growing up in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, outside of Milwaukee. A film critic for *Time* and the author of thirty-one books, mostly about movies, Schickel has now turned back to look at the period he grew up in—with special attention to the movies made during and about World War II.

Richard Schickel

Ivan R. Dee

Good Morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip
Movies, Memory, and World War II
by Richard Schickel
Ivan R. Dee, 336 pp., $27.50

His reminiscences fill a gap in my experience. In 1944, Schickel was in the sixth grade. In 1944, I was in France with an Air Force Service Group charged with maintaining a fleet of Martin B-26 bombers (known to their pilots as "flying coffins"). So I missed the first run of the films that gilded Schickel's youth. And I've had to catch up with reruns, to which this book is a dependable guide.

At the top of the author's "Must See" list is *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*, "a near-to-great movie." Along with it is *My Friend Flicka* (called by Pauline Kael "one of the rare children's movies that doesn't make you choke up with rage"). Schickel's movie critiques are admirably comprehensive. He goes beyond the surface analysis of action to nuances of cinematography and production. This puts a human face on the movie credits for such directors as Howard Hawks, Michael Curtiz, and Raoul Walsh, and such writers as Dalton Trumbo, Dudley Nichols, and Howard Koch.

Along the way, Schickel fine-tunes the movies made *about* World War II. Why is it that movies set in the Pacific theater of the war emphasize enemy brutality more than movies set in the European theater? Partly this is a matter of timing. We engaged the Japanese "face-to-face, hand-to-hand" almost a year before we were similarly involved with the Germans. And undoubtedly there is the element of racism. (Here he cites John W. Dower's book, *War Without Mercy*.) But the scales are tipped by "the routine sadism of the Japanese military" as documented in Iris Chang's *The Rape of Nanking*. Schickel cites one damning statistic: "Only one in twenty-five Allied soldiers died in German prison camps; one in three died in the Japanese camps." He also regrets that "there is no serious, systematic history of Japan's wartime conduct." But there's at least one such history: *The*

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Casablanca

Underwood & Underwood / CORBIS

Other Nuremberg, by Arnold Brackman, who covered the Tokyo war crimes trials for the United Press. The Nuremberg trials covered only ten months. The Tokyo war crimes trials lasted two and a half years.

Movies about land combat between Americans and Germans weren't released until after the war was over. Instead, the hostilities were represented by pictures featuring the Resistance, espionage, and naval convoys in the North Atlantic. The effect was to marginalize the us-versus-them aspect of the Nazi war machine. In the convoy pictures, the enemy was an "abstraction." In the spy and Resistance dramas, the enemy directed his villainy not at Yanks, but at the defeated Europeans.

In spite of the ubiquitous Hollywood left, little Soviet propaganda found its way into wartime movies. One notorious exception was *Mission to Moscow*, based on a memoir by Joseph Davies, a sometime ambassador to the USSR. The script by Howard Koch (of *Casablanca* fame) was faithful to the book by, for instance, praising the judicial fairness of the Soviet show trials that sentenced Stalin's former comrades to death. Davies, played in the movie by Walter Huston, also approved of the Hitler-Stalin pact and the Soviet invasion of Finland. *Mission to Moscow*, says Schickel, is an arresting example of "awful screenwriting."

Wartime movies were punctuated with obligatory goodbye scenes, of which the masterpiece is that between Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*. Sometimes the farewell sequence is followed by an "imagined conversation between the ghostly fallen hero and the son he has never seen." "The most lunatic" of these encounters, says Schickel, occurs between Ginger Rogers and a deceased Robert Ryan in *Tender Comrade*. Rogers faces a framed picture of Ryan with their baby and "introduces" them to each other: "Little Guy, this is your father."

In an understandable reaction to war-movie heroics of that time and the "greatest-generation" hype of our own, Schickel relies on the common wisdom that the war was won by our "infinite superiority in numbers and productive capacity and the safety of the North American continent as a staging area." But this isn't entirely true. The war's major turning points were the battles of Midway, Stalingrad, and the Atlantic. And as Richard Overy reminds us in *Why the Allies Won*, all of these were won well before America's industrial potential kicked in. And let's not ignore the human factor. I can't forget those air crews leaving their Nissen huts on chilly mornings, day after day, to fly into the heaviest flak the world had ever seen. They really were a regiment of heroes.

Schickel closes by perceiving a postmodern decline of traditional narrative in every form of expression, from politics to motion pictures: "The aim of this art is the striking image, not the stirring thought. . . . This was the postwar world the wartime movies could not imagine." Schickel's attention-grabbing title, *Good Morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip*, comes from a ditty that the author's father used to sing to him at bedtime. He admits that it's more of a wakeup call than a lullaby. And he never refers to it again. Call it a postmodern disconnect. ◆

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

The Everett Collection

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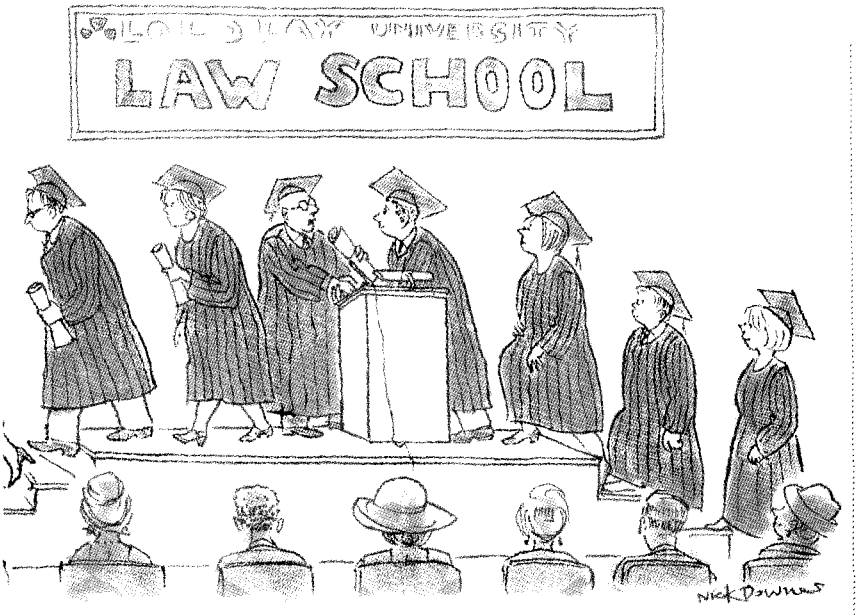

Congratulations! Join the crowd . . . Congratulations! Join the crowd . . . Congratulations! Join the crowd . . .

Books in Brief

***Surprised by Beauty: A Listener's Guide to the Recovery of Modern Music* by Robert R. Reilly (Morley, 351 pp., $19.95).** Even the most open-minded might be surprised to see a book whose title includes both "modern music" and "beauty." One of the past century's many sad tales is how classical music became willfully averse to the beautiful and transcendent. But in this fine collection of essays, Robert R. Reilly shows there is beauty to be found in modern music—if one is willing to look hard enough.

One of the best essays in *Surprised by Beauty* is Reilly's elegant demolition of John Cage, the "apostle of noise." More important, however, are the essays rehabilitating modern composers who once drew critical scorn for their willingness to write tonal music, including Samuel Barber, Roy Harris, and Malcolm Arnold. He also champions music that deserves greater exposure, such as the sublime choral works of American composer Frank Martin and Edward Elgar's hauntingly beautiful choral masterpiece, *The Dream of Gerontius*. Robert Reilly has done music lovers a service by reminding us that "modern music" and "beauty" are not always enemies.

—Lee Bockhorn

***Vlado Gotovac*.** This volume of translations, published by *Most/The Bridge Literary Magazine*, the journal of the Association of Croatian Writers, is not easily available. But libraries and admirers of literature can purchase a copy by e-mailing *euroglasnik@most.com.hr*—and they ought to, for Vlado Gotovac (1930-2000) was an exquisite literary stylist and a distinguished dissident, repeatedly imprisoned under Titoite communism. With the rise of the Croat patriotic movement in the 1970s, he became identified with the "Croatian Spring," and after the declaration of Croatian independence in 1991, he emerged as a leading figure in the democratic opposition to the nationalism of Franjo Tudjman.

Vlado Gotovac was a gentle, reflective personality who took as his ideal the martyred Russian poet Osip Mandelstam. In one of his best poems, "Lazarus' Canticles," Gotovac wrote: *From the bottom of the darkness of the exiled / Who after being wise hunters turned into servants / I have salvaged my song*. This volume includes a memoir of his experience in prison, when his Communist guards seized from him a copy of the poems of Mansur al-Hallaj, the ninth-century Islamic mystic executed for heresy in Baghdad. But "Hallaj was not thwarted," Gotovac explained—by which he meant that the voice of free inquiry will always prevail, uniting a medieval Muslim poet like Hallaj with a modern Catholic poet like Gotovac. That sort of unity is Croatia at its best and the reason Vlado Gotovac needs to be remembered.

—Stephen Schwartz

***Forgotten Features of the Founding: The Recovery of Religious Themes in the Early American Republic* by James Hutson (Lexington, 197 pp., $22 paper).** From his perch at the Library of Congress, James Hutson has been a major force in the long struggle against the myth of the utterly secular American founding—the peculiar notion that the United States was born solely from a reading of John Locke, and a bowdlerized Locke at that. The secular myth was always *useful* history, historical scholarship guided by modern leftist and anti-religious politics. But Hutson's complaint in this collection of essays is finally that it was also *bad* history, an offense to the truth historians are supposed to seek. The essays on William Penn, James Madison, and the Founders' reading of French authors are particularly noteworthy, and Hutson's take on the use and misuse of the idea of America as a Christian nation deserves wide circulation. An important collection on an important topic.

—J. Bottum

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"Howell Raines Resigns as Executive Editor of the *New York Times*, Gerald M. Boyd Resigns as Managing Editor"

—*News Item, June 5, 2003*

Parody

York Times

Washington Final

Washington and Baltimore, two little cities down the coast with a few interesting historical sites and one or two notable restaurants—good for day-trips with children: Snow jobs, hot air likely.

AY, JUNE 6, 2003 FOR YOU, ONE DOLLAR

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RAINES OUSTED AT NEW YORK TIMES, OFFICE RANSACKED; NO WEAPONS OF MASS INTIMIDATION FOUND

"MAYBE HE WASN'T SUCH A BASTARD AFTER ALL"

By JOHN BURNS and JUDITH MILLER

CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE, June 6 — Howell Raines has stepped down as top editor of the New York Times. And though the newsroom was thrown into jubilation, concerns were raised after investigators failed to locate the banned weapons of cruelty that insiders claim Mr. Raines used to dominate the paper's 800 journalists.

A team of special investigative reporters burst into Mr. Raines's office shortly after the resignation was announced, expecting to find the thumb screws, bamboo shoots, and electric genital prods that have been the subject of newsroom lore during the Raines regime. Instead, they found kitten posters and "Love Is..." bumper stickers on the wall, a CareBears screensaver running on the computer Mr. Raines had used, the complete John Tesh discography, bowls of heart-shaped Valentine's Day candy, a half-completed needlepoint pillow of St. Francis, and a shrine to King Friday XIII, the puppet monarch of "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood."

"Maybe Howell wasn't such a bastard after all," one reporter is said to ive remarked.

Peter Andrew Bosch for KRT World News

Interns join national-desk reporters carrying a toilet bearing a golden "HR" monogram and gilt fittings from the office of deposed *Times* Executive Editor Howell Raines. Raines, who fled Thursday, is now thought to be in hiding.

Furthermore a search of Mr. Raines's hard drive revealed several unexpected letters, including one to Washington bureau chief Jill Abramson ("Dear Jilly, Just wanted to let you know how special you are. Hugs, Howell.") and one suggesting that the newspaper boss had just offered Andrew Sullivan the editorship of the New York Times Magazine ("...even though we don't always agree...").

Conservatives in particular were surprised to find the complete works of Russell Kirk and an affectionate Kwanzaa card from Tom DeLay.

A file of secret travel receipts discovered in a folder marked "Rick Bragg" is said to be undergoing tests for authentication.

Times reporters insisted that Mr. Raines had cleansed his office shortly before his departure, but others argue that in fact the evidence against him was always based on the highly suspect assertions of whiners in exile. Meanwhile, looters were seen running down 43rd Street with stuffed moose toys in what many predict will be a widespread burst of retribution and

(See EFFIGY EMASCULATED, p. A4)

the weekly Standard

JUNE 16, 2003

ority of Americans Backward

By SETH ZIMMERMAN

THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE,

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Democracy as a New International Norm?

Michael McFaul is the Helen and Peter Bing Research Fellow at the Hoover Institution.

Critics of the American-led wars in Afghanistan and Iraq cited the violation of state sovereignty as their chief concern. Invoking the United Nations Charter, opponents of these wars warned that American violation of Afghan and Iraqi sovereignty was illegal, immoral, and threatening to international order.

Forty years ago, these defenders of sovereignty would have been promoting sovereignty as a powerful battering ram for destroying empires and undermining the legitimacy of colonization. Eventually, empire became an illegitimate and extinct form of government; the hope was that acquiring state sovereignty would be the first step toward popular sovereignty. People living in colonies could choose their rulers only after shedding their colonial masters. Decolonization and democratization were to go hand in hand.

Today, however, the champions of sovereignty have become the conservatives. We should respect sovereignty, but it should not trump all other norms all the time. Defending Afghanistan's state sovereignty in 2001 or Iraq's in 2003 meant defending the wretched Taliban and Saddam Hussein. Both the Taliban and Hussein seized "sovereignty" by using brutal force.

In speeches justifying these wars, President George W. Bush proposed a liberty doctrine, which places the sovereignty of individuals above the sovereignty of the state. According to Bush, the sovereignty of regimes elected by their people cannot be violated. But those regimes not so constituted are illegitimate. **Like those who embraced sovereignty as the intellectual counter to empire a half century ago, Bush embraces liberty as a weapon against dictatorship.**

This liberty doctrine is not new. American presidents have sporadically deployed armed force to promote liberty in international politics. With his decisive actions in Afghanistan and Iraq, Bush has given new impetus to the idea of promoting democratic regime change abroad.

Bush actively promoted democratic regime change in places ruled by dictators' threatening the United States. He did not start by dethroning despots loyal to American interests. The real test of his commitment to this doctrine will be his passion for deploying *nonmilitary* means for the cause of liberty in places such as Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and Russia.

The American people are unlikely to support another preemptive war in the name of democracy. Even if Bush remains committed to this new doctrine, others in his administration, in his party, on Capitol Hill, and in other strategic countries are less interested in the project. **As the going gets rough in Iraq and budgets deficits bloat in this country, the president may be tempted to let his doctrine of liberty morph into a smaller doctrine of stability.**

Such a reversal, however, will vindicate the champions of sovereignty and delegitimize the American-led wars in Afghanistan and Iraq. President Bush, therefore, must back up his rhetoric with long-term strategies for securing democracy. If he fails, these wars will have been wasted opportunities and be remembered instead as examples of using U.S. military might for U.S. material gain. If Bush stays the course and builds a bipartisan domestic coalition, then just maybe—forty years down the road—*dictatorship* will follow the same fate as *empire* and become an extinct form of government.

— *Michael McFaul*

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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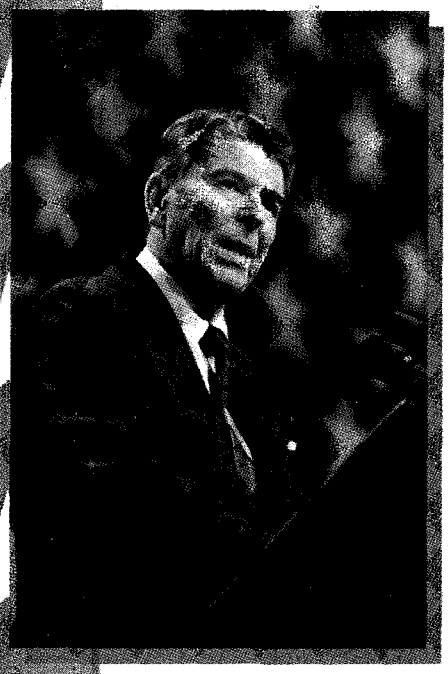
Ronald Reagan Loved Cutting Taxes. But **He Raised the Highway User Fee** to Strengthen the American Economy.



"More efficient roads mean lower transportation costs for the many products and goods that make our abundant way of life possible."

"So what we're proposing is to add the equivalent of 5 cents per gallon to the existing highway user fee, the gas tax. The cost to the average motorist will be small but the benefit to our transportation system will be immense."

President Ronald Reagan 11/27/82

If it was right for Reagan, it's right for us.

Ronald Reagan proved tax cuts can spur our economy. But he also knew investment in highway and public transportation infrastructure is essential.

Making our roads safer and reducing traffic congestion will improve American productivity, strengthen the economy and give you and your family more time together.

It's OK to be a conservative and support an increase in the federal highway user fee.

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